

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

We commence this week a sketch of Frances Wright written by Amos Gilbert and published in 1855. We hope the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" will send us whatever facts they may know of this remarkable woman. As she died in Cincinnati in 1853, there are, no doubt, persons still living there who could give us some interesting reminiscences of their acquaintance with Madam D'Arusmont. We desire also to get something more of Mary Wollstonecraft as the sketch we published was meagre and unsatisfactory.

As much odium has been attached to the names of these noble women, it is most important that their pure and lofty lives and utterances should be so brought out as to overshadow their violations of the conventionalisms of their day. When we remember that in all ages men have supposed that women were created for no higher purpose than to minister to their passions, we need not wonder that those women who have stepped outside the conventionalisms of their day and generation, and claimed a place in the world of morals and intellect have been uniformly and bitterly assailed, by the pulpit and the press, as irreligious, infidel and immoral. Let us judge such women as Mary Wollstonecraft, Frances Wright and George Sand, in the light of our own experience.

What has not been said of those in our own republic, who have demanded, for the last thirty years, freedom for the slave; and political rights for women? and yet this country cannot boast more virtuous, religious, refined, cultivated wives and mothers than Lucretia Mott, Frances D. Gage, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Caroline H. Dall, Abby Kelley Foster, Caroline M. Severance, and Lucy Stone, who have been the target for the wit, ridicule and scorn of narrow priests, scurvy editors, and dishonest politicians. But, thank God, a new day is dawning. We have noble champions of our cause in the pulpit among all denominations, and the press of the country is everywhere most liberal and respectful.

And now that the world begins to do the women of this day justice, let us in turn do all we can to brighten the memories of those great souls that went before us, who, through sorrow and suffering, heralded the new era of equal rights for women in the world of work and thought.

FRANCES WRIGHT.

BY AMOS GILBERT.

FRANCES WRIGHT, as much our fellow-citizen as the laws of the United States permit a female to be, called this land her home; was an enthusiastic admirer of the principles on which it is declared the government is based, and held real estate here of forty or fifty thousand dollars in value.

It is proper, now that woman's rights, capacities, and sphere are mooted questions, that the name of Frances Wright should be before Reformers, that they may have access to the workings of a great intellect half a century after Mary Wollstonecraft left, to be seen of men no more.

There is another reason; for although posthumous justice cannot benefit the dead, it may encourage the living. They may think, "If justice is meted out to others who have gone hence, it may be meted to me. It is a pleasant anticipation, and I will add this to my other inducements to choose the good and reject the bad."

The subject of this sketch was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1797, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1853.

In person she was tall, and of firm muscles, rather slender; she was straight, and walked with a firm step. Her brown hair, which she always wore short, inclined to ringlets; her head moderately large, and well balanced; her eye, aye, that eye! the longer you looked the more it spoke. It is believed she was a far more interesting subject to the physiognomist than the phrenologist.

It is a very natural inquiry, what was Frances Wright's education? It is not known; the probability, however, is, that it was such as was best suited for a young lady of fortune, who, having everything at command, would have nothing to do but figure in aristocratic circles,—to receive and return visits, etc., with whatever is valued in high life. There is no evidence that she was a classical or mathematical scholar, or that she was familiar with natural science. She spoke French fluently, and may have had some knowledge of other modern languages. It is not known whether she could draw. She wrote verse which would have been prose but for the jingle of the terminal words. For music she had no taste, frequently retiring as soon as it began. She had neither time, taste nor talent, but for one absorbing subject—the improvement and elevation of her fellow-beings.

Her father's place of nativity was the same as hers. Both had their birth in the wealthy class. Shortly after the birth of Frances's sister Camilla, both their parents died, and the children were taken to England, to the home of their maternal grand parents. Here they remained until Frances's seventeenth and Camilla's fifteenth year, when they returned to their native place.

A pretty correct idea of the motive for such a movement may be formed from a letter from Frances to the writer twenty-five years since, in which she said the oppression of the masses by the aristocracy of wealth grieved her, and the clumsy reasonings of theologians disgusted her. It may be inferred that she hoped for partial exemption from both evils when and where she would be from under the directing and restraining power of those who had their settled orthodox opinions regarding the rights of the

wealthy, and the paramount importance of the religion which they adhered to.

In this retirement, for such it was to her, freed from the coercion and restraint of her former dictators, she applied herself to study. Following the natural bent of her inclination, *man* was the subject. The science of social life was her chosen, all-absorbing theme. She saw there were many and great evils in the world, and she was feign to trace their origin and ascertain their remedy. She applied herself intensely to the perusal and study of accredited history, keeping in the meantime an ever-watchful eye on the movements of the living world. In this, more than in any other period of her life, it is believed, she perceived the causes, uses, abuses—in brief, the general workings of all political organizations. In those of the past, and nearly all of the present, she discerned one element, at least, incompatible with the general good; that notwithstanding they purported to be a protection to the weak against the aggressions of the strong, in practice they served to place and retain capital in the ascendant—to estimate products above the producer—they accounted position more than manhood, and hence they favored a classification which precluded social intercourse between the extremes, without regard to the relative merits of the classes; and hence that they were used to sustain, perpetuate and increase the existing inequalities which had disgusted her from very childhood. Of ancient governments, that of Sparta alone had her approval; and in the political desert of modern times she discerned but one oasis. It was the United States. Its citizens had adopted the best of the Spartan principles of government, with such improvements as centuries of experience had gradually suggested, preparatory to the creation of a civil superstructure, resting on a veritable republican basis. She found in the Declaration of American Independence better principles than she had seen before. It claimed the manhood of individuals irrespective of incidents, and the fraternity of the race despite of artificial and anti-social arrangements. She was fascinated, and in her youthful enthusiasm she resolved to witness the effect which free institutions had on the character and conduct of man.

At the age of nineteen (Camilla, as ever after, her companion) she came to this country. She passed a year and a half in New England, when she was called home to the death scene of a near relative. During her residence here, pretty much, it is conjectured, in rural districts, she saw nothing but beauty and excellence, and she commenced a work which she finished on the return voyage, and published after her arrival in England. Its title was "Views of America." A panegyric by an infatuated girl in her teens, would have been more appropriate.

The work had a considerable circulation, especially in the Southern states of this country, where it won laurels at the time, and subsequently a courtly reception for the author. Writings of the Mrs. Trollope stripe had brought tourist's books, especially English tourists, into bad odor. Views of America served as a kind of neutralizer or counterpoise. It is believed that it was her first appearance before the public as an author.

How long she remained in England is not known, but when she left she went to France. She became an inmate of the family of Lafayette, where she continued for three years. What a treat it would be to have access to the common-place books of the host or his adopted

daughter! (for in that relation she stood to him). We may rest assured that trivialities engrossed but few of their social hours. He had been a revolutionary statesman and a soldier, from whom she learned much of facts, for which the mere student must be dependent on others. At the same time, she developed the philosophy of those facts by a process of reasoning but little known to soldiers or statesmen. The interest which they took in each other was reciprocal and intense. He admired her as a highly devoted and successful student in what it greatly imports man to know. His confidence in her conclusions manifested itself on some occasions in an approximation to obsequiousness. Frances entirely approved of Lafayette's republican principles; she honored him for his brave defense of them, and she loved him for his uniform integrity. Perhaps a better idea of her attachment to him cannot be conceived than from the following:

She had determined to bring forth a work to be entitled the "History of Three Revolutions," comprising the American and two in France. She had two great objects in view. The one, as the title imported, was to produce a reliable history; the other, to furnish a biography of a live man who had taken an active part in each of the revolutions. She had them so interwoven in her thoughts that it might have puzzled the reader to decide which was the most cherished idea. The work was never published, and but partly written; for the hero of her work committed what she deemed an irretrievable error, at a time when the eyes of all France were directed to him to preserve them alike from despotism and demagogueism. It was when Lafayette, the banker (the only one of the ruling class in whom he had any confidence), importuned him with success, to favor in his place in the chamber of deputies, the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne of France, as the republican king. Had Frances had access to his ears she would have said, "Father, wait yet a day," and through that day she would have argued from facts well known to the patriot, that it was all the work of intrigues who pulled the wires unseen, the men who had not and were not worthy of his confidence. But she was not there, and though she never censured, she lamented the indecision and want of independence that pervaded him who could have shaped the course of France to what she believed a better issue.

This yielding on the part of Lafayette deprived the world of whatever there might have been of instruction or entertainment in the promised work. She could not carry the history of the nation up to the then present without a tacit reflection on the man who, of all men living, was the purest statesman and philanthropist. Though the destinies of France might not have been finally effected by any course which Lafayette might have adopted, the reading world was thereby minus a work of interesting history, and encomiastic biography, of one well-known by name and highly applauded, nay, almost revered, by the rational lovers of world-wide liberty.

[The moment woman has the ballot, I shall think the cause is won. Education, employment, equality, genius, the fine arts, places in college and everywhere else, follow in the train. They are written, they are endorsed upon the back of the ballot. They will come by necessity, the moment you give her that.—Wendell Phillips. SYMPATHIZING earnestly as I do with your cause, it will afford me pleasure to aid you in any way that I can.—Hon. J. M. Broomall, M. C., Pennsylvania.]

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT—1790.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORALITY UNDERMINED BY SEXUAL NOTIONS OF THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD REPUTATION.

There is one rule relative to behavior that, I think, ought to regulate every other? and it is simply to cherish such an habitual respect for mankind as may prevent us from disgusting a fellow-creature for the sake of a present indulgence. The shameful indolence of many married women, and others a little advanced in life, frequently leads them to sin against delicacy. For, though convinced that the person is the band of union between the sexes, yet, how often do they, from sheer indolence, or to enjoy some trifling indulgence, disgust?

The depravity of the appetite, which brings the sexes together, has had a still more fatal effect. Nature must ever be the standard of taste, the gauge of appetite—yet how grossly is nature insulted by the voluptuary. Leaving the refinements of love out of the question; nature, by making the gratification of an appetite, in this respect, as well as every other, a natural and imperious law to preserve the species, exalts the appetite, and mixes a little mind and affection with a sensual gust. The feelings of a parent mingling with an instinct merely animal, give it dignity; and the man and woman often meeting on account of the child, a mutual interest and affection is excited by the exercise of a common sympathy. Women then having necessarily some duty to fulfil, more noble than to adorn their persons, would not contentedly be the slaves of casual appetite, which is now the situation of a very considerable number, who are, literally speaking, standing dishes to which every glutton may have access.

I may be told, that great as this enormity is, it only affects a devoted part of the sex—devoted for the salvation of the rest. But, false as every assertion might easily be proved, that recommends the sanctioning a small evil to produce a greater good, the mischief does not stop here, for the moral character and peace of mind of the chaster part of the sex is undermined by the conduct of the very women to whom they allow no refuge from guilt; whom they inexorably consign to the exercise of arts that lure their husbands from them, debauch their sons, and force them, let not modest women start, to assume, in some degree, the same character themselves. For I will venture to assert that all the causes of female weakness, as well as depravity, which I have already enlarged on, branch out of one grand cause—*want of chastity in men.*

This intemperance, so prevalent, depraves the appetite to such a degree, that a wanton stimulus is necessary to rouse it; but the parental design of nature is forgotten, and the mere person, and that, for a moment, alone engrosses the thoughts. So voluptuous, indeed, often grows the lustful prowler, that he refines on female softness.

To satisfy this genius of men, women are made systematically voluptuous, and though they may not all carry their libertinism to the same height, yet this heartless intercourse with the sex, which they allow themselves, depraves both sexes, because the taste of men is vitiated; and women, of all classes, naturally square their behavior to gratify the taste by which they obtain pleasure and power. Women becoming, conse-

quently, weaker in mind and body than they ought to be, were one of the grand ends of their being taken into the account, that of bearing and nursing children, have not sufficient strength to discharge the first duty of a mother; and sacrificing to lasciviousness the parental affection that ennobles instinct, either destroy the embryo in the womb, or cast it off when born. Nature, in everything, demands respect, and those who violate her laws seldom violate them with impunity. The weak, enervated women who particularly catch the attention of libertines are unfit to be mothers, though they may conceive; so that the rich sensualist, who has rioted among women, spreading depravity and misery, when he wishes to perpetuate his name, receives from his wife only an half-formed being that inherits both its father's and mother's weakness.

Contrasting the humanity of the present age with the barbarism of antiquity, great stress has been laid on the savage custom of exposing the children whom their parents could not maintain; whilst the man of sensibility, who thus, perhaps, complains, by his promiscuous amours produces a most destructive barrenness and contagious flagitiousness of manners. Surely nature never intended that women, by satisfying an appetite, should frustrate the very purpose for which it was implanted.

I have before observed that men ought to maintain the women whom they have seduced; this would be one means of reforming female manners, and stopping an abuse that has an equally fatal effect on population and morals. Another, no less obvious, would be to turn the attention of woman to the real virtue of chastity; for to little respect has that woman a claim, on the score of modesty, though her reputation may be white as the driven snow, who smiles on the libertine whilst she spurns the victims of his lawless appetites and their own folly.

Besides, she has a taint of the same folly, pure as she esteems herself, when she studiously adorns her person only to be seen by men, to excite respectful sighs, and all the idle homage of what is called innocent gallantry. Did women really respect virtue for its own sake, they would not seek for a compensation in vanity, for the self-denial which they are obliged to practice to preserve their reputation, nor would they associate with men who set reputation at defiance.

The two sexes mutually corrupt and improve each other. This I believe to be an indisputable truth, extending it to every virtue. Chastity, modesty, public spirit, and all the noble train of virtues on which social virtue and happiness are built, should be understood and cultivated by all mankind, or they will be cultivated to little effect. And, instead of furnishing the vicious or idle with a pretext for violating some sacred duty, by terming it a sexual one, it would be wiser to show that nature has not made any difference, for that the unchaste man doubly defeats the purpose of nature by rendering women barren, and destroying his own constitution, though he avoids the shame that pursues the crime in the other sex. These are the physical consequences, the moral are still more alarming; for virtue is only a nominal distinction when the duties of citizens, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and directors of families, become merely the selfish ties of convenience.

Why, then, do philosophers look for public spirit? Public spirit must be nurtured by

private virtue, or it will resemble the factitious sentiment which makes women careful to preserve their reputation, and men their honor. A sentiment that often exists unsupported by virtue, unsupported by that sublime morality which makes the habitual breach of one duty a breach of the whole moral law.

(To be Continued.)

U.S.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

[OLIVE LOGAN has an article with the above title in *Packard's Monthly* for October, from which we make the following extracts as pertinent to the objects of *Us* of "THE REVOLUTION."]

By *Us* I mean ourselves, of course—women. It is the fashion to write about *Us*, and it is the fashion for *Us* to write about ourselves, but is it the fashion for other people to read what we write or what others write about *Us*? I mean, of course, on the GREAT SUBJECT—our political, mental, moral, social, physical and general advancement. Anything else that is written about women, particularly if it be anything scandalous or disgraceful, is eagerly perused. I have watched men narrowly at all sorts of places—in the railway cars, the omnibuses and on the boats—and I have generally observed that when there is an article in a paper about Women's Rights, men skip it quickly, and turn the newspaper inside out. But if it is some trifling story, derogatory to the dignity of woman, or some stupid talk about a flirtation, or some hideous relation of conjugal shame, they pore over it as if the reading of it were one of the chief duties of the day. The fact is, that the woman question is one of those vexed ones for which it is difficult to find a satisfactory answer, which is yet hard to get around, and which is yet again apt to become prosy. It is the negro in a white face—and petticoats.

As for voting, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! No; unless I were fully satisfied my vote would be received I would never, never wend my way to the polls. Because, as you say, gentlemen, how unfeminine for women to meet the rough crowd—to come into contact with horrible men—who would push us and squeeze us! It is true, we meet much the same crowds at the theatres, and in the stages and horse-cars; and, so far as my observation goes, I think women get as much squeezing in a sixth avenue car, on a rainy afternoon, as they are likely to get at any poll that ever was raised. With my experience of New York horse-cars, I stand prepared to meet the rude democrat, in his native shirt-sleeves, at the polls or elsewhere. After a liberal course of horse-car, any woman who survives is qualified to vote.

Let us not talk about the political aspect at all. There are but few women who care to vote, just for voting's sake; but every true woman cares for her sex's advancement in the direction of a self-respectful independence, and that includes the art of earning her own bread.

The one thing which most needs revolutionizing, to the end that woman may be free and independent, is the prevalent idea on the subject of marriage. Women's ideas on that subject, no less than men's, be it distinctly understood.

We are taught, even the poorest of *Us*, that marriage is our end and aim, and that as soon as we are married the man we marry will care for *Us*. It is time we stopped hallooing to the world that that ugly ogre, Man, is unjust to *Us*. He will marry *Us*, but he won't pay *Us* as much for our work as he will pay one of his own sex. Stop this cry, sister-women, stop it, for shame! You can never earn journeymen's wages till you know your trade, and can do as good work as a man can. You can never do that till you resolve, when you set out to learn a trade, that you will learn it thoroughly, and with the determination that at that trade you will work all the rest of your life, just as men do. What! a woman work at her trade after marriage? Even so. In France this is invariably the case. Jean works no more faithfully at his occupation than does Marie at hers. She can support herself till the end of life just as easily as he can. When they marry each other they become partners in every sense of the word. Their interests lie together; there is no degrading sense of dependence on the part of the wife, and marriages are happier there than with us—divorces unknown. I am not holding up the French people exactly as a model for imitation by our own nation; but there are some things in the French life which we can well profit by. Let us accept a good example, though it should be set us by a nation of cannibals—which the French are not, by the way. Until our girls pursue their avocations as industriously and as ambitiously as our boys do, they will never become as good workers, and, consequently, they won't get as good pay.

There are certainly two branches of industry in this world where men and women stand on an absolutely equal plane in the matter of cash reward. These are literature and the drama. The stuff that critics write being altogether set aside, the proof of the quality of a woman's work is exactly that same matter of pay. When we bring to other avenues of labor an ambition as ardent, a zeal as earnest as that which some of *Us* have brought to the theatre and the study, then will the doors open wide for *Us*. Women pushed these doors open themselves, and men have given *Us* a seat by their side ever since within these temples. Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Lewes, Jean Ingelow, Madam Dudevant, Mrs. Stowe, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Howe—these belong to *Us*. Mrs. Siddons, Miss Cushman, Mrs. Kemble, Rachel, Ristori, Mrs. Kean, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Lander—these belong to *Us*. And besides these, and others as distinguished in these two fields of labor, is a vast army of others, of every grade—from the poorest writer of poor poetry to the most graceful magazinist—from the littl'st walking lady to the most popular star actress—all belonging to *Us*. These all receive the same reward for what they do that men on the same level receive. The reason why is merely that in these two departments women have long worked as men work—with the same purpose of life-long occupation that men have. The door was long ago pushed open, and to-day stands wide.

Dry goods clerking is a woman's business, and, in passing, I would advise all young men who are now measuring tapes and ribbons to get out of it as soon as they can, and leave the occupation to that sex which is mentally morally, and physically their inferior.

But how is a woman to attend to her household duties if she have an occupation outside

of her own home? "She must hire all her work done. If she have a large family it will take two or three servants to attend properly to the household. Such a wasteful expense!" If I had not heard people talk in this way I should hardly believe it possible for human nature to be so absurd. Do you know any man of your acquaintance—any successful business man, or any skilled workman—who would stay at home to save hiring a servant for home work? I have tried that kind of saving myself on several occasions, when I have had what I call the "old Ben Franklin" on me. I have sat home in a corner for three days mending an old dress, when, if I had devoted those three days to my legitimate business—writing—I could have earned enough to buy a new dress, given the job of making it to a competent dressmaker, and the old dress to some poor woman, more needy than myself. And the baby! Oh, yes, the baby to be sure. If there is one occupation which is more than another mere waste of time, I think it is for an active, labor-competent woman to sit from morning till night with a limp-backed baby on her knees, devoting her whole energies unsuccessfully to the business of putting it to sleep.

Now, girls, be men! Learn your business thoroughly. Let no employer have it in his power to say your work is slovenly, and that you're only working along until you can catch a man—that one man can work faster and better than three women. If he can, of course, he deserves three times your wages, but there is no good reason why you should not be as clever as he, if you will only try. The deeper one goes into this question the more one wants to say about it. I should like to say at some length what I think about the necessity of baby-tending, as a means of rearing a child in the way it should go. I should like to prove, by good examples, that a true mother has no need, in guiding the mental and moral leanings of her little one, to put her own arms in the wash-tub and purify its little linen. I should like to discuss carefully that solemn question—*What makes a woman truly a HELPER to her husband?* But enough for the present of us.

ANNA ELIZABETH DICKINSON.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

(Continued from last week.)

["From Eminent Women of the Age,"

SHORTLY after this she attended another anti-slavery meeting at Kennett Square. This meeting, held just in the beginning of the war, was rather an exciting one, and prolonged discussions arose on the duties of abolitionists to existing laws and constitutions. In the report from *Forney's Press* we find the following notice:

"The next speaker was a Miss Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, aged seventeen years,—handsome, of an expressive countenance, plainly dressed, and eloquent beyond her years. After the listless monotonous harangues of the previous part of the day, the distinct, earnest tones of this juvenile Joan of Arc were very sweet and charming. During her discourse, which was frequently interrupted, Miss Dickinson maintained her presence of mind and uttered her radical sentiments with augmented resolution and plainness. Those who did not sympathize with her remarks were softened by her simplicity and solemnity. Her speech was decidedly the feature of the evening, provocative as it was of numerous unmanly interruptions, and followed by discussion of prolonged and diversified interest. Miss Dickinson, we understand, is a member of the Society of Friends, and

had been solicited, several times during the day, to address the audience, but waited for the inspiration of the evening, which came in the shape of Mrs. Grew's remarks. They were told, said Miss Dickinson, to maintain constitutions because they were constitutions, and compromises because they were compromises. But what were compromises, and what was laid down in those constitutions? Eminent lawgivers have said that certain great fundamental ideas of right were common to the world, and that all laws of man's making which trampled upon those ideas were null and void,—wrong to obey, but right to disobey. The Constitution of the United States sat upon the neck of those rights, recognizes human slavery, and makes the souls of men articles of purchase and sale."

There is not space to give her admirable speech on the higher law, nor the discussion that followed, in which Miss Dickinson maintained her position with remarkable clearness and coolness for one of her years. The flattering reports of this meeting in several of the Philadelphia journals introduced her to the public.

On the evening of the 27th of February she addressed an audience of about eight hundred persons in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. She spoke full two hours extemporaneously, and the lecture was pronounced a success. Many notables and professional men were present; and, although it was considered a marvellous performance for a young girl, Miss Dickinson herself was mortified, as she said, with the length of her speech, and its lack of point, order and arrangement. She felt that she was not equal to the occasion; instead of being flattered with the praises bestowed on her, she was filled with regret that she had not made a more careful and thoughtful preparation. But she learned an important lesson from what she considered a failure, worth more than it cost her.

Spring was opening, and her fresh young spirit and strong will demanded some new avenues to labor, some active, profitable work. In her search for something to do, says a friend, "I met her one day in the street; said she, 'I must work. I dislike the confinement and poor pay of school teaching; but I shall go crazy unless I have work of some kind. Why can't I get into the Mint?' After considering the possibilities of securing a place there, for some time, our plans were made, and, after many persistent efforts, we succeeded." In April she entered the United States Mint, to labor from seven o'clock in the morning to six at night for twenty-eight dollars a month. She sat on a stool all those long hours, in a close, impure atmosphere, the windows and doors being always closed in the adjusting room, as the least draft of air would vary the scales. She soon became very skilful in her new business, and did twice the amount of work of most other girls. She was the fastest adjuster in the Mint; but she could not endure the confinement, and soon changed to the coining-room. But this dull routine of labor did not satisfy her higher nature. After the day's work was done, she would go to the hospitals to write letters for the sick soldiers, to read to them, and talk over the incidents of the war. Many things conspired to make her situation in the Mint undesirable. The character and conversation of the inmates were disagreeable to her; hence she kept them at a distance, while, her opinions on slavery and woman's rights being known, she was treated with reserve and suspicion in return. In November she made a speech in Westchester on the events of the war, which increased this state of feeling towards her, and culminated in her discharge from the Mint, in the Christmas holidays.

This meeting was held just after the battle of Ball's Bluff. In summing up the record of this battle, after exonerating Stone and Baker, she said, "History will record that this battle was lost, not through ignorance and incompetence, but through the treason of the commanding general, George B. McClellan, and time will vindicate the truth of my assertion." She was hissed all over the house, though some cried, "Go on," "Go on." She repeated this startling assertion three times, and each time was hissed. Years after, when McClellan was running against Lincoln in 1864, when she had achieved a world-wide reputation, she was sent by the Republican committee of Pennsylvania to this same town, to speak to the same people, in the same hall. In again summing up the incidents of the war, when she came to Ball's Bluff, she said, "I say now, as I said three years ago, history will record that this battle was lost, not through ignorance or incompetence but through the treason of the commanding general, George B. McClellan." "And time has vindicated your assertion," was shouted all over the house. It was this speech, made in 1861, that cost her her place in the Mint. Ex-Gov. Pollock dismissed her, and owned that his reason was the Westchester speech, for at that time McClellan was the idol of the nation. She says that was the best service the Governor could have rendered her, as it forced her to the decision to labor no longer with her hands for bread, but to open some new path for herself.

She continued speaking, during the winter, in many of the neighboring towns, on the political aspects of the war. As the popular thought was centring everywhere on national questions, she began to think less of the special wrongs of women and negroes, and more of the causes of revolutions, and the true basis of government. These broader views secured her popularity, and made her available in party politics at once. In the meantime Mr. Garrison, having heard Anna Dickinson speak at Westchester and Longwood, and being both charmed and surprised with her oratorical power, invited her to visit Boston, and make his house her home. Before going to Boston some friends desired that she should make the same speech in Philadelphia that had occasioned her dismissal from the Mint. Accordingly, Concert Hall was engaged. Judge Pierce, an early friend of woman's rights, presided at the meeting, and introduced her to the audience. She had a full house, at ten cents admission, was received with great enthusiasm, and acquitted herself to her own satisfaction, as well as that of her friends. After all expenses were paid she found herself the happy possessor of a larger sum of money than she had ever had before; and now, in consultation with good Dr. Hannah Longshore, it was decided that she should have her first silk dress. With this friend's advice and blessing, she went to New England to endure fresh trials and disappointments before securing that unquestioned reputation and pecuniary independence she enjoys today. Through the influence and friendship of Mr. Garrison she was invited to speak in Theodore Parker's pulpit on Sunday morning, as leading reformers were then doing. Accordingly she spoke, in Music Hall, on the "National Crisis." Her first lecture in Boston was the greatest trial she ever experienced. Her veneration for the character of a Boston audience almost overmatched her courage and confidence in her ability to sustain herself through such an ordeal. Her friends also had misgivings, and feared a failure, as they noticed

that Anna could neither sleep nor eat forty-eight hours previous to the lecture. Some were so confident that she would fail to meet the expectations of the immense audience, that they refused to sit on the platform. Mr. Garrison opened the meeting. He read a chapter of the Bible, and consumed some time in remarks in order to make the best of the dilemma, which, in common with many, he, too, apprehended, while Anna waited behind him to be "presented," in an agony of suspense she struggled to conceal. At last she was introduced, and began in some broken, hesitating sentences; but, gradually becoming absorbed in her subject, she forgot herself and her new surroundings, and so completely held the attention and interest of the audience for over an hour that the fears of her friends were turned to rejoicings, the anticipations of the few were more than realized, and her own long anxious hours of prayers and tears were forgotten in the proud triumph of that day. At the close she was overpowered with thanks, praises, and salutations of love and gratitude. As she delivered this lecture in several of the New England cities I give the following notice:

"THE NEW STAR.—If to have an audience remain quiet, attentive, and sympathizing during the delivery of a long lecture, is any indication of the ability, tact, and success of the speaker, we think it may be claimed for Miss Dickinson that she is a compeer worthy to be admitted as a particular star in the large and brilliant constellation of genius and talent now endeavoring to direct the country to the goal of negro emancipation.

"Music Hall was filled to overflowing; hundreds of the audience went early, and must have sat there more than an hour before the lecture began; and, yet, we do not remember to have seen less signs of weariness and inattention at any lecture we ever attended in this city. Her voice is clear and penetrating, without being harsh; her enunciation is very distinct, and at times somewhat rhythmic in its character, with enough of a peculiar accent to indicate that her home has not been in Massachusetts. Her whole appearance and manner are decidedly attractive, earnest, and expressive. Her lecture was well-arranged, logical, and occasionally eloquent, persuasive, and pathetic.

"She traced the demands and usurpations of the Slave Power from the commencement of our government till the present time, and proved that, because it could not hope to control the country in the future as it had in the past, it raised the standard of rebellion,—an act long since determined upon when such an exigency should arise. Slavery being thus proved to be the cause of the war, the justice, necessity, and propriety of its abolition, as a means of present defence and future security and peace, was forcibly illustrated.

"That the slave was prepared for freedom was proved by the thousands who have passed through so much danger and suffering to obtain it. The inhuman character of the fugitive slave enactment was most beautifully referred to, bringing tears to many eyes which are not accustomed to weep over the wrongs of the colored race.

"She spoke in eloquent terms of Fremont, which met with a hearty response from the audience, as did other parts of her address. On the whole, we think her friends here must be greatly delighted with her first effort, on her first visit to our old Commonwealth.

"Previous to the delivery of the lecture, the 'Negro Boatman's Song,' by Whittier, was sung by a quartette, accompanied by the organ, and the exercises were closed by singing 'America,' in which the audience joined."—*Full River Press.*

She spent the following summer in reading and study, collecting materials for other lectures. She continued, as she had time, to visit the government hospitals, and made herself a most welcome guest among our soldiers. In her long conversations with them, she learned their individual histories, experiences, hardships, and sufferings; the motives that prompted them to go into the army; what they saw there, and what they thought of war in their hours of solitude, away from the excitement of the camp and the battle-field. Thus she got an insight

into the soldier's life and feelings, and from these narratives drew her materials for that deeply interesting lecture on Hospital Life, which she delivered in many parts of the country.

NOTES FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.

"OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE,"
DANVILLE, N. Y., Oct 3d, 1868.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I wish you could step out of your city quarters and enjoy with me this morning the October glory of the country, and especially of this "Hillside."

From the windows of my room, known here as "Fort Sumter," I can look, as I sit writing, across the valley in which the village lies, over to the hills beyond, which, partly denuded of the forests that once crowned them, are now presenting a pleasing variety of field and grove; the fields still green as in June; the groves russet, and gold, and crimson—a treat for the lover of rich and varied landscape scenery. But the view which pleases me most is from the opposite window, looking right out upon the "Hillside." It is many a day since I have seen such a gorgeous color study. The Hillside is almost perpendicular as I view it here; and from the level of the window sill up as far as I can lift my eyes, save a narrow belt of blue sky over which the fleeciest of clouds are lightly floating, is one mass of foliage, displaying in luxuriant profusion every tint and streak of beauty belonging to our autumnal woods.

I came here, as you know, to join in the festivities of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of "Our Home on the Hillside," and to speak a good word for our "cause."

I should like to be able to give you a full account of the Festival, but shall be obliged for want of time and space to give you the merest sketch, imperfectly conveying to you a little idea of what was done and said. The "occasion" occupied two days, the 30th of Sept. and the 1st of Oct. A programme of the proceedings reads as follows:

THURSDAY, Sept. 30th.—Lecture by Dr. James C. Jackson at 6½ a.m. Breakfast at 7½ a.m. Dinner for patients and guest at 1½ p.m. Dinner for those arriving at 2 p.m. at 3½ p.m. Social entertainment in Liberty Hall, and dining room at 6½ p.m.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1st.—Address by Dr. J. C. Jackson at 7 a.m. Breakfast at 8 a.m. Sociable in Liberty Hall at 9½ a.m. Dinner, toasts, speeches and songs at 2 p.m. Address by Mrs. H. Mac L. Shepard at 6½ p.m.

In the early morning we repaired to the chapel, or Liberty Hall, as it is called, and heard a most excellent address from the Doctor, on the Woman Question. It is beyond my power to give you any report of it, or an adequate idea of the forcefulness of his argument in our favor. It seemed to me that he took the highest possible standpoint from which to view the subject, and thus was enabled to cover comprehensively and justly the whole ground. Of course, he denounced all those who, like Dr. Todd and his compeers, ever keeping uppermost the sexual relations and differences of men and women, lose sight of their identities of being and duty as human beings. I wished in my soul that every man in the country with a particle of likeness to Christ in his soul could hear him. I knew it must arouse thought, growth, conviction. I wished every woman, praying, tolling for the deliverance of her Israel, could hear him and take comfort. It would do the almost despairing heart good to know there was one bright spot on this benighted earth upon which the sun of righteousness had so risen that woman could, indeed, feel the warmth of its rays; one spot where she could take and keep the place God intended she should have at man's side, as his equal and co-worker, without incurring censure, invidious remark and contumel. I have heard many and noble men lecture in favor of our cause; but never one who so fully came up to my conception of the Christ idea as this one. If I were not Orthodox and taught to believe that since the apocalypse of John there is no more inspiration, I should have exclaimed "This man is indeed taught of God, and speaks as he is inspired by the Holy Ghost indwelling with him." As it was, I looked tremblingly forward to the time when I must stand in the same place to "plead for my people" concerning our great need and right, and felt it to be almost futile to attempt anything. Had not a prophet spoken already?

The remainder of the day was spent according to programme, and in preparing for the morrow's entertainment; in rambling about the place, taking surveys of the Home inside and out; or in forming new acquaintances and renewing old ones. I was much interested

in the delight of many of the guests, who were old patients, at getting back into this snug harbor after months or years of cruising outside. Nothing I have seen speaks more convincingly to me of the real merits of this institution than the way in which it is regarded by the thousands of persons who have been treated here.

Thursday morning we had another delightful lecture from Dr. Jackson, affecting the welfare of woman as nearly as does her recognition before the law as the equal of man—a most earnest appeal to us to obey the laws of life. The beauty and utility of living hygienically and our bounden duty to do so was enforced upon our attention with all the Doctor's wonderful power and eloquence. I have thought for years that I was living pretty nearly in right relations with the laws of my being, and I know I have done better in this respect than the large majority of women placed socially as I have been; but I find under the conscientious scrutiny induced by the good and faithful Doctor's plain dealing, that I am far from right yet.

One thing he insists on for us women in regard to our civil and social relations—that we must get rid of the badges or symbols of our slavery before we can with bold face consistently demand our fetters to be knocked off. Not only jewelry used for mere ornament—earrings, rings, and gew-gaws—but all other frippery, showing a greater dependence on outside adornment than on mental culture, the beauty of holiness, and physical religion, for attention and respect from those about us must be cast aside. The symbol of bondage in our long skirts, too, he says, which impede our progress, debar us from entering many occupations now filled by men, must also be laid aside, and a simple, free, hygienic costume like the "American," or similar to it, must be adopted.

The whole lecture was one commending itself to every serious-minded worker in the field of Human Reform.

After our hygienic breakfast we repaired again to the Hall where we had a social meeting, old and new inmates giving their views on different branches of reform, particularly regarding health, and their experiences and difficulties in endeavoring to put themselves into such conditions as would enable them to hold right relations to life and its duties. The meeting was one of interest; some of the remarks giving rise to humorous reply.

The dinner was everything a dinner in such place as this should be. Everything rich with its natural flavor, unpoisoned by condiments, unspiced by wretched cooking. If every house in your city could be supplied with such cooks as are trained here, the doctors would suffer. After dinner, no such poisons as wine and nuts finding their way to this table, we repaired for convenience of room to Liberty Hall for "Toasts, speeches and songs." The Hall is a fine, airy, pleasant room, and under Mrs. Johnson's tasteful superintendence had been transformed into a perfect bower of beauty. Over the entrance door from the grounds, was the evergreen motto, "Heaven is Free." Over arches were wreaths of evergreen contrasted with knots of mountain-ash berries; about the pictures hung trailing vines of clematis, or ivy, or the now variegated Virginia creeper, and above them hung bouquets of forest foliage, intermingled with asters and the pure white wax berry; wreaths adorned the chandeliers, and pending beneath them were lovely ocean shells brimming over with flowers and moss and trailing vines. One could not look upon the adornment of the room and not get insight into the innermost of the lovely woman who designed it all. So we reveal ourselves in our lives.

The toasts were capital. Dr. Jackson, his family, glorious Dr. Austin who has done so much for her sisters by the stand she has taken; who has proved so entirely that a woman may occupy positions (editor and physician) usually claimed by men as belonging exclusively to them; may lay aside the fashionable garb of her sex and dress herself in the humane American costume, and yet lose no particle of womanly gentleness, dignity and self-respect, or of respect from all who know her—were toasted in words and sentiments befitting the occasion. If I could I would give you all these good things where-with to delectate your readers, but must refrain. One of them, however, I must give with its answer—as it is particularly "in our way," and includes all engaged in the good work.

Mrs. Stewart, one of the inmates of "Our Home," and an earnest worker for the advancement of woman, arose and gave the following toast:

"As we have heard our reverend physician-in-chief, Dr. Jackson, and various members of his family toasted individually, I propose to wholesale them together with their honored guest, Mrs. Shepard, to whom we hope to listen to-night, and also their co-workers all over the land, I therefore give—'The Advocates of woman's Emancipation.' May their efforts be crowned with success, and may they live to see the fruits of their labors."

This sentiment was cordially received by all present, and responded to by

Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, of Iowa, who is an inmate of the institution, endeavoring to rid himself of disease contracted by the hardships of army life and sixteen months of living death in Libby Prison. Mr. Byers is also the author of that heart-stirring little poem, which we have all of us read—"Sherman's March to the Sea." But now to his reply, which was as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The words of my lips but feebly express the feelings of my heart, when I say 'Welcome and God speed' to every one who gives a kind word, or does a generous action for the emancipation and consequent elevation of the women of our land.

"The cause of progress in which they labor is a noble and a holy one. A cause so vitally affecting the interests of our mothers, our sisters, our wives, must, indeed, be of great moment to all humanity.

"To woman herself belongs the honor of engaging first most earnestly in this work. While men, even the most philanthropic, have sat idly by, hardly lifting their voices in her defence, she has become the evangel of her own liberty, and to her belongs great meed of praise for bringing her cause before the mind of the country.

"In no previous era of the world has there ever been a time when woman had the opportunity to achieve real moral power or intellectual distinction that she has now. To herself—to her own influence, indirectly, upon the social state, this improvement in her affairs is owing. And if she will but go on unflinchingly, preparing herself renewedly for new duties, she may boldly demand every God-given right, and I will venture to say no man, or body of men, dare say her 'nay.'

"It requires to-day a brave woman in the face of existing prejudice to seize the 'pen, that weapon mightier than the sword,' and wield it in the defence and for the advancement of her kind. It requires a brave woman to stand on the rostrum in our public places, and there, in the face of scorn, insult and contumely, raise her voice in behalf of her emancipation. It requires a brave woman to resist the power of that tyrant Fashion, and cast aside all that is unhealthful and improper in dress, scorning every foolish ornament, wearing only such apparel as is consonant with health, comfort, ease and happiness.

"As yet, among all the women who suffer in our land, how few we have who are able to rise up in the glory and strength of a true womanhood and do these things! Thank God, there are some among us who do not bow the knee to these Baals of custom and fashion. We have some here to-day who evince in their lives their courage. It will require greater bravery still, perhaps, when they have achieved a victory, and won their battle, to assume the responsibility they have taken upon themselves, and, ballot in hand, go forward to the polls, which their presence and influence must eventually dignify and purify, and give in their voice in the government. The good results that must and will follow this assumption of responsibility by woman are almost incalculable. Think you that wrong and crime will prevail as they do now? Think you the myriad dens of vice, where drunkenness, gambling, profanity, indecency and prostitution hold hellish revel—where men and women made in God's image sell their souls to the devil would be allowed to exist by permission? In the name of all that is pure and good in woman, I answer, No! Think you injustice, bribery and corruption under all sorts of disguises, not only in our common courts, but in the legislative halls of the nation, would be permitted as now? That men occupying the highest offices in the power of a sovereign people to give, even *Presidents*, could be guilty of gravest wrongs and perjuries, 'high crimes and misdemeanors,' and go unpunished, nay, almost unrebuked by those before whose tribunal such things are adjudged? The indignant protest that still rings in our ears at such temporizing with evil in high places, cries a thousand times, No!

"The women who are leading in this reform have need to be wise, patient and brave! Need to gird on all the strength of their God-given purity and faith, while they press onward for the prize they are seeking. Have faith in God and the right, and do not lose entire faith in man. His heart is in the right place, but his judgment has gone astray; appeal to this judgment by the living witness of your earnestness, your determination, your just deserts, and he will not long withstand you. Already the press is coming out in your favor, cheering you on. Already the liberal, the noble and good extend their hands to you and cry, 'God speed.' Then, dear hearts, work, work and wait the coming morn. The good time is not far off. Men are coming to their senses, and better still, woman is coming to hers, and

both begin to realize that men, women, country to be entirely great and noble, must be entirely free.

"Ours is not yet a true flag of liberty, proudly as it waves above our Home to-day; although the red stripes which once were emblems of the lashes on the slaves' back are now symbolic of the blood shed to save a nation's life. Ours will not be a true land of liberty until every one who breathes its air shall be able to exclaim: I am free! Then, in that glorious day, the red stripes will wave more grandly, the stars, signifying the states, shine more brightly than ever before, and the brightest one of all the brilliant cluster will be that one representing the state which shall first enfranchise woman!"

Mr. Byers's manner was eloquent and impassioned, and his response to the sentiment met with enthusiastic applause.

In the evening, I spoke for nearly an hour, giving what seems to me to be the Christian view of woman's sphere and responsibility in her relations to humanity; glancing at some of the difficulties and hindrances which beset her in her present condition, and their remedy, which lies in her recognition before the law as man's legal equal; and the consequent benefits of thorough education, enabling her to fit herself for positions of importance and trust, and then claim equal remuneration with men who occupy similar situations.

From what I hear, I think my audience were in sympathy with the view I took of the question. I knew it influenced some of them to sign the appeal for granting the suffrage to women in the District of Columbia, which was laid on the table in the Hall the following morning.

Thus, my dear "REVOLUTION," closed the festival of the tenth anniversary of the "Home on the Hillside." Other reforms than those I have noticed had their place and were discussed, but you see this great and important question of Human Rights had a large place.

Before I close I must tell you of a walk I took this afternoon about the grounds of this little Paradise. Going out alone, I took first the only path I was acquainted with, and sauntered down a broad and shady way to one of the entrances of the place, called Paradise Gate. Then remembering I had heard of a spring called the "All Healing," I concluded to turn my face thitherward. Some little angels in the earthly garb of children directed me on my way, and soon I entered upon a path which, in its tortuous windings, led me into many a scene of beauty. So many delights waylaid me at every turn that I was constantly fain to stop and feast my weary eyes upon the treat dear mother Nature had laid out for my enjoyment; and fill my hand with the beauties she everywhere poured at my feet. Such mosses and lichens; such acorn cups, fit goblets for fairy elves to sip their dewy nectar from: such dainty blossoms, and gorgeous colored leaves! O, it was hard to choose, and soon I had more riches than I could carry. Here and there on the way were seats placed in cozy spots that the weary travellers up this hill of rare delight may stop and rest, or admire more leisurely the wonderful picture painted for his study. At some of these I paused and sorted out my gathered treasures, selecting such blossoms, leaves and mosses as seemed at the moment most desirable, and reverently laying such as I could not keep, back upon the lap of the loving mother from whom I received them. Thus enjoying, culling, resting, choosing my delights, and progressing upward, I hope spiritually as well as physically, I went on until at last I came to the main object of my journey—the "All Healing Spring." Here from the rock flows out a stream clear as crystal, singing its own song of welcome and promise to the comer who desires to drink of its waters. Some one has put this song into words, and it is hung in printed frame where all may read it. It runs thus:

"Whoe'er thou art who seek'st to quaff
The streams that here from caverns dim
Arise to fill thy cup, and laugh
In sparkling beads above its brim;
In all thy thoughts and words as pure
As those sweet waters may'st thou be;
To all thy friends as firm and sure,
As prompt in all thy charity."

Was it my walk that made me thirsty and so gave flavor to this nectar? did the influence of the scene and the harmony of the trickling waters with the rhythm of the lines so idealize me that I imagined it, or is the water of that crystal spring sweeter and more full of life than any I ever before tasted? I drank; then going out among the trees looked up, up into the blue heavens until it seemed as if I were being lifted above the world, above all its sorrows, toils and cares into a state of perfect rest. When I came back to earth again, I said, surely this is Beulah!

The gong has sounded the hour of retiring, and my-

riads of katy-dids nestling in the beautiful foliage on the hillside seem to have changed their old song of Katy's goodness or badness, whichever it was, into one of command to me. One says, "Go to bed," and another insists "Right a-way." So, dear "REVOLUTION," good-night, and may your dreams be as sweet as I know my sleep will be.

In the truth, yours,

H. M. S.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY TO US.

LABOR—ISOLATED AND CO-OPERATIVE.

Editors of the Revolution:

THE more I see of your paper the more impressed I am with the greatness of the work you are doing. The Race must be redeemed by Woman, type of the Divine Love, from the Reign of Force and Fraud under which we now groan, but which is destined soon to pass away. I rejoice to see that many women are awakening to their true destiny and duty. Only let Woman take her true place as the inspirer and leader and man's force becomes harmonized and constructive instead of anarchical and destructive as now. The letter of Eliza J. Robinson, of Vineland, leads me to suggest that all workers, men as well as women suffer, to day from an "inhuman and useless expenditure" of their powers, and they must continue to do so until they substitute *Associative* for *Isolated* Labor. "Attractive Industry" is the remedy, but it is one not attainable in our present form of Civilization with its little isolated households and its necessarily monotonous labors. Every one enjoys labor, provided it is of a sort suited to his natural taste, and still more if it is carried on in the agreeable company of friends of similar tastes, and still further, provided that the "sessions" are so short that the work does not fatigue, but on the contrary can be carried on with enthusiasm. The cultivation of the earth is the body of Religion, it is the only universal form of worship, and it is of more importance if possible to woman than to man. We can never have a healthy or harmonious race until we have healthy and harmonious mothers, and health can never be had except by the practice of productive industry and primarily by labor on the soil. But we don't want to make farmers, or even gardeners. We want to make Men and Women. Isolated labor cannot make men. It only makes fragments.

There is only one cure for the excessive labor complained of by your correspondent; it is the substitution of co-operation for isolation; of attractive industry for repugnant; of the reign of Charm for that of Brute Force. Labor is as essential to the development of women as of men, and there is nothing in the highest function of woman to interfere with this. It is only monotonous, excessive and isolated labor that is soul-crushing and antagonistic to maternity.

It is only in the "Phalanstery" or the Palace of the people that woman can find her true home and sphere, a home which is hers by divine right and not by permission of a Master.

The first condition of a decent life is the guaranty to every human being of a home and the right to labor as his own employer and enjoy the products of his labor. When society recognizes its duty to support and educate its children, giving to each one every advantage that the whole wealth and power of the community can furnish, then we shall have some right to call ourselves civilized.

F. S. C.

A PLEA FOR EDUCATION.

Editors of the Revolution:

THE little city of Crawfordsville, Ind., is situated upon the New Albany, Evansville and Crawfordsville railroad, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery, fertile and well-cultivated farms. The town, with its old-fashioned, wooden dwelling-houses, its broad, graded streets, overshadowed by the friendly arms of hundreds of shade-trees, is as romantic and charming a spot as can be found. It prides itself, however, more upon the intellectual tone of its society than upon its natural beauties; for among our citizens, we have Mrs. Lew Wallace, the authoress of "The Patter of Little Feet," Gen. Lew Wallace, Hon. Henry S. Lane, and his talented wife, Miss Lizzie M. Boynton, a contributor to the N. Y. *Independent*—a young lady authoress who is gaining quite a reputation in the West, and Mrs. Sue Scott, whose beautiful music to "Pass Under the Red" may be found in almost every house in the land. In the western part of the town, in the midst of a magnificent park of about forty acres, stand the buildings that constitute Wabash College, one of the oldest and best institutions of learning in the West. It is exclusively for males, as will be seen, its doors being closed against members of the opposite sex.

Within two squares of this venerable fountain-source of knowledge, in the midst of a flat, swampy plot of ground, ornamented (?) by a row of sickly maples, two silver-leaf poplars, a row of pines, a few cherry trees, are the buildings of the public schools.

One of these buildings is an old unfinished brick dwelling-house, upon whose roof towers a dome some four feet in height and three in circumference, from the centre of this imposing ornament swings a bell very little too large for a cow-bell. The other is a square frame building. The school fund is *three thousand dollars*! The salary paid to the clerk of the trustees is *twenty dollars* per annum, while the trustees receive each *twelve dollars* per annum! Yet the same city supports a mayor, a city council, etc.

This school is the only school for women in the town—the *High School* of the city of Crawfordsville. We have furnished for our benefit the following apparatus, viz.: (speaking of the High School department) two rows of desks, two charts, one box-stove, and a desk and chair for the Principal! The college has fine chemical and philosophical apparatus, a fine cabinet, large and well-selected libraries, and neatly-furnished library halls. In this school, surrounded by everything that is calculated to make the getting of knowledge rather a pleasure than a work, do the parents of this town educate their sons. Last year the young ladies attended the High School and took advantage of its instruction. This year the Trustees (and here let us thank them for their almost unremunerated efforts to educate us) failed to procure advancement and civilization.

They refused to educate us, not because the laws of the college forbade, not because our moral characters were such as would contaminate those of the male students, not because we were mentally their inferiors, not because we were incapable of learning, but because God had seen fit, and most unfortunately, to create us women instead of men.

The only excuse that they could give was that "they had no room!"—an excuse denied by the students themselves. Such an excuse as that, to give women, who are eager and starving for knowledge which most of their students view as a small matter.

Had twenty-three young men applied for admittance, the doors would have been thrown wide, and the Faculty, in the holy name of the Alma Mater, bid them "welcome!" (Just here, allow us to suggest that the proper title, according to the proof the Faculty has just given us, would be Alma Pater.) If they cannot admit us, we positively refuse them to fasten our sex to the name of their jealously guarded institution.

We are, under the just and perfect laws of the United States, powerless to help ourselves.

O, ye men who are eager to feed the minds of others, was this just? We ask you, in the name of our enlightened Mother Columbia, was this in accordance that God created all men equal? that these men should deliberately shut the doors of Wabash College in the faces of twenty-three women? such a teacher as the situation demanded. What were the young ladies to do? Their parents, many of them having large families, could not afford to send them to college in neighboring cities.

Monday, September 7th, 1868, twenty-three women, who were without means of getting an education unless they could get admitted into the college, signed and sent to the Faculty a petition in which they stated that fact. We waited hopefully and anxiously for their reply.

The Faculty met, and let me say to their great credit, Professors Mills and Thompson did all in their power to gain for us admission, but it was not to be.

September 9th, 1868, we received their reply refusing us admittance into the college, and offering us their "sincere sympathy."

For shame! Miserable subterfuge. Offering us sympathy, and deliberately refusing us an education.

We did not ask for sympathy, unless it was that sympathy which would prove itself to be sympathy, by granting a request which, in the sight of God and man, was but just. But in vain did we ask it. They shut the doors of the college in our faces, and said in plainer words than they could have spoken it, "Go! what do we care whether you are educated or not?" Is it wrong if we send in another petition requesting them, one and all, forever after to cease their prayers for those who humbly begged to be admitted?

Remember, we are not now begging men for the terrible Right of Suffrage, for the debasing (the female debasing) right of political equality, but for educational privilege, a thing which no man under God's laws has a right to deny a woman or a man, but which the Presidents of Harvard, of Yale and of Wabash refuse to the women who ask them.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.

M. H. K.

WOMEN'S TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

THE Office of "THE REVOLUTION" is becoming the Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty" to woman's struggle for Freedom and Independence. Meetings are held night after night at which Unions and other associations and organizations are formed for prosecuting measures offensive, defensive and protective to secure the sublime result. The following is a brief synopsis of the proceedings of a meeting held last week.

A meeting of the Workingwomen's Association No. 1 was held on Monday evening, in "THE REVOLUTION" office, World Building. The majority of the ladies present follow the business of type-setting, and several members of the Typographical Union were present, besides Miss Susan B. Anthony. The meeting was called to order by Miss Susie Johns, Vice-President of the Working-Women's Association. Miss Browne, the Secretary, then read the minutes of the previous meeting, after which the meeting resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, to discuss the propriety of forming a woman's Typographical Union on the plan of the men's association of a similar nature.

Miss Johns then furnished a report of a committee appointed at a previous meeting, to form a constitution and by-laws, and to choose officers, for a Women's Printers Union, of which committee Miss Emily Peers was chairwoman. The list of officers chosen, as follows, was read by Miss Anthony. For President, Miss Gussie Lewis; Vice-President, Miss Kate Cusack; Recording Secretary, Miss Christine Baker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Susie Johns; Treasurer, Miss Emily Peers. Board of Trustees, Miss Gussie Lewis, Miss Emily Peers, Miss Susie Johns, Miss Kate Cusack, Miss Mattie Calum. As the constitution was a very long one, Miss Anthony declined reading it, stating that as men were in the habit of taking up so much time in reading long and tiresome documents in meetings that she thought it advisable for women to depart from the rule, and transact their business as speedily as possible. In the constitution, funerals of the members had been provided for in a clause.

Mr. Robert Clark—I will here state that it is necessary for the new Women's Typographical Union to have on their roll eleven names of compositors in good standing, before applying for a charter from the National Union, under whose jurisdiction the new association will come. When admitted, we will sustain and stand by them in every sense, providing that they establish a scale of prices and stick by them. We have no desire to work against the women or exclude them.

The following letter was then read by Miss Susie Johns, to the meeting:

MISS SUSIE JOHNS—Dear Lady: Will you please inform the ladies associated with you in forming a female printers' union, that at the last meeting of Typographical Union No. 6 its officers were invested with full power to aid you all we can in your movement, knowing that your interests are identical with our own. We have agreed to hire a hall for your meetings, furnish you with books, stationery, etc., and assume all other expenses which it may be necessary for you to incur in getting your Association into working order, and to continue to do so until your Union shall be in a condition to support itself.

With assurances of our best wishes for your success in the step which you have inaugurated,

I remain, your most obedient servant,

ROBERT M. CLARK,
Cor. Sec'y Typographical Union No. 6.

Miss Anthony—Girls, you must take this matter to heart seriously now, for you have established a union, and for the first time in woman's history in the United States you are placed, and by your own efforts, on a level with men, as far as possible, to obtain wages for your labor. I need not say that you have taken a great, a momentous step forward in the path to success. Keep at it now girls, and you will achieve full and plentiful success. (Applause.) Mr. Clark, what are the obligations enforced on a member at the printers' union?

Here Mr. Clark read the pledge of the Typographical Union to stand by each other until death did them part.

Mr. John H. Tobitt, editor of the *Tazpayer*, 218 Pearl street, offered the following resolutions, or rather suggestions, in regard to co-operation.

1. I propose appropriating the central section of my New York office to the use of such members as will unite for the purpose of carrying on the printing business on co-operative principles. 2. Let applicants,

after furnishing testimony of their own competency, elect one of their number as forewoman, or agent to deal directly with authors, publishers, &c., keep the accounts, have charge of the office, and execute the other functions of employers. 3. Consistency demanding that you should not be brought in conflict with other firms by underbidding, let the established rates of the New York Typothete be the standard for both customers and those outsiders whom it may be necessary to employ from time to time. 4. After paying all necessary cost of labor (and I recommend piece-work where practicable), let the balance remaining from income be equally divided among the members. 5. Select some trustworthy friend as advisory superintendent, to be consulted in those contingencies inseparable from all new undertakings, and whose decision should be valid and final. 6. Enter into this plan with a determination not to be discouraged by ordinary obstacles; but aiming to become thorough experts, let the works which bear your imprint be the loudest appeal to the public for their patronage; and lastly, and most *privately* of all, I would remark of the advantages of being thus surrounded by busy printers, that it will enable those who MAKE GOOD USE of their eyes to learn the routine of an office without the embarrassment of too much tutelage.

Resolutions of thanks to Mr. Tobitt and the Printers' Union No. 6, were offered by Miss Susie Johns, thanking them for their offers of assistance, and were adopted unanimously by the meeting.

Miss Anthony stated the case of the female librarian of the Cooper Institute, who had been for nine years working as librarian, at a salary of from twenty to thirty dollars a month, fourteen hours a day, without any vacation. This practical illustration of Peter Cooper's benevolence was not received with much favor by the meeting.

The working women's meeting then adjourned until the last Monday in October. The printers Union No. 6 are to provide a hall for the new association, which is now known as the "Women's New York Typographical Union No. 1," to meet in. The scale of prices established by them is 40 cents per 1,000 ems. There are in New York about 1,850 male printers and about 1,500 of that number belong to the Typographical Union. There are about 200 female printers in New York and the design is to have them all join the new union if possible.

WOMEN AND THE LABOR CONGRESS.

THE Worcester (Mass.) *Aegis and Gazette*, a Democratic journal, thus speaks of the action of the late Labor Congress in this city, with respect to women:

A resolution, expressive of sympathy for the working women of the land, strikes us as peculiarly appropriate, and worthy of commendation. For if there is a class in this country, whose work is unappreciated and inadequately paid, it is the poor seamstresses, who are the slaves of imperious fashion, and who, to retain their virtue, must submit to the most cruel exactions and the scantiest remuneration. Whenever we think of the condition of the working women of cities like New York, some of whom, for lack of means to buy a candle, ply their vocation by the light of the street lamp, amid scenes of riot and confusion and debauchery; of their loneliness, and the temptation that follows them perpetually, we do not wonder that New York has her 20,000 prostitutes. It is easy enough to be negatively good; easy enough to maintain one's holiness when passion does not tempt, and penury does not press, and hunger and cold and homelessness and bitter solitude are unknown, and all the comforts and gratifications of the world surround us. But, to be faithful when everything impels the other way, and stern circumstances give sin the semblance of justice, that is quite another thing; and if any class deserves sympathy for the virtue it keeps immaculate, and the honesty it maintains, and the patient endurance it illustrates, it is the working women of America. Any organization which shall give them assurance of respectful consideration, and, if need be, of sympathy and material aid, deserves the approval of all who are touched with a feeling of philanthropy.

I VENTURE to affirm that the purity, the refinement, the instinctive reading of character, the elegant culture of the women of our land, if brought to bear upon the conduct of political affairs, would do much to elevate them in all their aims, and conform them to higher standards of justice. The participation of women in civil affairs, is neither a new nor an uncommon experiment—Hon. B. Gratz Brown, U. S. Senator, Missouri.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, } Editors.
PARKER PILLSBURY,
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1868.

THE WORK OF THE HOUR.

In the ancient vision on Mount Horeb there were powerful demonstrations of wind, earthquake and fire, but in them all an essential element was wanting and no great or good end was accomplished. The Lord was not in them. The "still, small voice" came afterward. The lesson to be learned is that in the Divine economy the sublimest results flow from the simplest instrumentalities. Not by might nor by power, but by the spirit of truth. The cannon of Cromwell left many towers and turrets of England's cathedrals standing, defiant of all their thunders. But the little Ivy, silently climbing year by year, worming its tiny roots into every crevice in mortar and stone, reached at length their proudest pinnacles; and lifting or loosening imperceptibly stone after stone, the days and years co-operating, dragged down at last the cloud-capped tower and massive wall which had withstood the whirlwind, the earthquake and fire of war age after age.

Just now in this country there are in session three powerful religious organizations for good or ill (all, it may be hoped, with good intent), but whose history does not inspire hope, still less belief, that they are one, any, or all of them together, our own chariot of national salvation, to say nothing of the rest of the human race.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is in its annual session at Norwich, Connecticut. Then the very august and hallowed National Protestant Episcopal Church is celebrating its Triennial, and the National Unitarian Association its annual parliamentary Session in this city. And last, omnipresent over the whole country, with brains of all capacity and bronchial organs of all calibre and with zeal all on fire, are the two great political parties, both fervid with hope and determination to win in the coming presidential election. And in this five-fold instrumentality is presumed to centre the religious and secular hope and promise of national security.

The three ecclesiastical bodies named, represent the religious sentiment and action of the country. But that we are indebted to any of them or all of them, or the sectarian systems they represent for past growth or present prospect and promise, materially, or morally and spiritually, is not true. The anti-slavery enterprise, the crowning glory and excellency of the last forty years, met its sternest opposition, its most malicious calumniators in the church and pulpit; north and south. The American Foreign Missionary Board was ever the apologist of slavery, and from the coffers of slaveholders replenished the treasury. Worse than the crucifiers of Christ, they dared appropriate the price of blood to the service of the Lord! Indeed it was the propagandist of slavery among the American Indian tribes until the thunders of Fort Sumter roused the nation from its death slumber over that horrible constellation of all cruelties and crimes.

For Polygamy, too, among its oriental fields of missionary effort, the Board sought apology in both the Old and New Testament. And over both these abominations its missionaries were instructed to be silent, on the ground that, "it is the duty of the Board to prosecute the work of saving souls, without attempting to interfere with the civil condition of society, any faster than the consciences of the people become enlightened."

The relation of the Episcopal church to anti-slavery is too well known to need any notice in this article. The names of Tyng, Jay, and a very few others, alone redeemed it from Total Depravity as to that mortal sin. This very week the newspapers tell of a rich Episcopal woman who, with insulting mockery of God and humanity, offers to endow a Theological professorship, on condition that "none but a white man shall ever be allowed to fill it!"

Of Unitarianism in the beginning of Mr. Garrison's career, not much more can be said. There were Mays, a Follen and a Pierpont early at his side, and the eminent Dr. Channing followed, though afar off. But in proportion as they were faithful to humanity were they proscribed by their denomination. One of their ministers said in the Convention last evening, "they were almost hated by us for their fidelity to the slave."

Judge Birney, of Kentucky, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church for many years, and a reformed slaveholder, published a book at the end of the first ten years of the anti-slavery warfare, entitled, "The American Church the Bulwark of American Slavery." Its argument never was, never will be overthrown.

To the Temperance and other philanthropic enterprises, the Church, as a body, long held a like hostile position; if indeed it do not very extensively, to-day.

Whoever attends the great religious Conventions of the present week, or reads carefully the reported proceedings, will be amazed, if not shocked, at the attitude of the older and more influential members of the respective bodies towards everything that savors of advance to a higher position and bolder onsets upon the fortresses of ignorance, superstition and sin. Dr. Bellows, in his opening sermon before the Unitarian Convention, baptized the vanguard of the army of progress as but "intellectual bandits, and the theatre and out-door religious gatherings for preaching as "only decorous mobs!" He threatened, at a subsequent meeting, to secede from the denomination should his counsels not prevail. But compromise, the canker and curse of all American principle, religious and political, was again made salvation. And so the main bodies of our denominational religion, controlling almost the whole national religious sentiment, may continue to "prosecute the work of saving souls, without attempting to interfere with the civil condition of society, any faster than the consciences of the people become enlightened;" pompously and Pharisaically branding those who are enlightening the consciences of the people, as "intellectual bandits;" and their congregations, like his of Nazareth, eighteen hundred years ago, in the streets, the market, the mountain, the theatre, as "decorous mobs!"

Of the two political parties, it may almost be safe to believe what they say of each other, judging them also by their own record in the past. What of intellectual, social, commercial or political prosperity the nation has enjoyed, has been rather in spite of both of them than otherwise; and, as at present appears, it must

continue to be so. Like the hydraulic ram pressure, it requires eleven drops of water wasted, to lift one to a given height. Only a large spring can afford it. It is easier sometimes to lift the weight than the lever. It is not half so heavy. It is only a powerful people that can bear rulers like ours. The poet says:

"War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings could not play at."

So, too, are most governments. Our own pre-eminently. The patriarchal blessing was, "Is-sachar is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens." It is terribly reproduced and realized in American political parties. Two such burdens seldom, if ever, bore down a nation's back before. How they are tolerated must be more a mystery to the leaders themselves than to anybody else. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, said long ago, in the United States Senate, "if the people only knew how we are here spending our time and wasting their money, they would move on us in a body and drive us from the capital." A truer thing was never said. A more righteous retribution was never seen than it would be, fulfilled to the last letter. Both parties prate loudly of principle. Neither has any, or seems even to know the dictionary definition of the word. The leaders are found at different times, on all sides of all questions, as policy dictates. In 1826, Daniel Webster was a Free Trader, and John C. Calhoun a Protectionist. Twenty years afterwards saw both of them the chieftains of the very opposite policy. Both had swung round the circle, and Calhoun died in a struggle for Free Trade while Webster was mourned as a martyr to protection by New England manufacturers. It is so to-day. Even old Thaddeus Stevens advocated one policy and voted another; holding with the hare and running with the hound, and giving as his reason, that he found "men were men and not angels, and so he must take the best he could get." The republican party was once sold out by its leaders in Massachusetts to the Know Nothings. The reason was, the people were too literally *know nothings* before, if, indeed, they have not been ever since. Chief-Justice Chase, a year ago, was the pride of the republican party, but who would be bail for his republicanism now? Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith would prefer to stand for Jeff Davis rather than the like of him. The democrats are not less in doubt of Gen. McClellan; and it has even been hinted that Horatio Seymour might yet go for Gen. Grant. But the subject is too serious for trifling.

That the individuals of a party change, is never denied nor wondered at. That whole parties as really change is alike true, could the people but see it, and for no greater or better reasons. And that it is the work of their leaders, generally for purposes most sordidly selfish, is undeniable. Dante tells us that he saw in the infernal regions a fearful encounter between a human form and a monstrous serpent. In their rage they dashed upon each other, giving and receiving ghastly wounds. At length a cloud, as of fiery breath, enveloped them, and a mysterious metamorphosis began. Each creature was transfigured into the likeness of his antagonist. The tail of the serpent split into two legs, the man's legs twisted themselves into a serpent's tail. The body of the serpent sprouted forth arms, the arms of the man were spun completely into his snaky body. The serpent rose up a man and spoke, the man crawled off a hissing serpent. Our political parties almost literally personate, in flesh and form, the horrible fancy. One calls the other

serpent, "copperhead," to-day. There seems nothing in the nature of either to assure against perpetual metamorphoses while their present nature, spirit and power remain unhanged.

To rescue humanity from the dominion of both our political and ecclesiastical institutions and arrangements, is the real work of the hour. Together they grind the interests of both body and spirit as between the upper and the nether millstones. The Church counts her sects by hundreds, all professing essentially the same doctrine, both as to their God and their gospel or Bible; and yet fighting perpetually each other like the clans of Europe in the feudal ages; and all of them waging common and most malignant warfare against whoever seeks a purer faith. They have become a scourge and affliction and should be superseded. Both our religious sects and political parties have fulfilled their mission. Our religion is without reason, conscience or love of man; our politics without principle or regard for justice and right. The Church clings to old faiths, forms, catechisms and customs; the politics only change for the sake of power and pelf. The Church bribes her new converts by golden promises in the New Jerusalem, or frightens them to her arms by uncapping the shrieking agonies of the bottomless pit. But truth, love, justice, forgiveness, holy fear of God and love of man, of every man, low and high, rich and poor, learned and rude, black and white, in a word, all the virtues for their own sake, heaven or no heaven, hell or no hell hereafter, where is the church or ministry that insists on these with a spirit and earnestness commensurate with their infinite and eternal importance?

Here, then, we approach the work to be done. It is only an approach. But it must be met with the holiest heroism and performed, or vain are all our dreams and hopes as a church or a nation. Of the nature of the work, and of the workers, there is not time now to speak.

P. P.

CRICKET AND CROQUET.

THOUGH Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Lily Maxwell are clamorous for the right of suffrage, the Englishwomen as a class do not seem to care for the rights dear to some of their sisters. The girl of the period prefers the exercise of her limbs to the exercise of political privileges. Croquet has had an immense influence in educating girls to the point of preferring out-of-door exercise to in-door flirting, and now we read in English journals that cricket is about to succeed to the popularity lately belonging to croquet. More than one female cricket club has been formed, and by next season croquet is likely to be forgotten in the fascination of the nobler game.

There is no reason why women should not play cricket, and a great many reasons why they should. Surely it is better to be bowled in the field than bold in the parlor, and a girl's energies are quite as well employed in catching out a female opponent as in catching an eligible young man.

Why should not American girls follow the example of their English sisters, and establish base-ball clubs? Is it a less difficult and less tiresome game than cricket?—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

We do wish our American editors were more philosophical! Do you not see, *Mr. Post*, that the same cause that is impelling our girls to assert themselves in out-door games, makes the women "clamorous for the right of suffrage?" It is the demand for suffrage that has set the world to enlarging woman's sphere in all other directions. "Claim the uttermost," said Daniel O'Connell, "and you will get something." The sure way to banish the needle, that slays its victims every year by the thousands, is to supply girls with out-door amusements. The *Post*

innocently asks, "Why should not American girls follow the example of their English sisters and establish base-ball clubs?" Do you not know, sir, that your American sisters have already done that very thing? If you had been a faithful reader of "THE REVOLUTION" you would have read a description, last July, of a beautiful game played by a club of girls about twelve years old, on the village green in Peterboro (the home of Gerrit Smith.) Nannie Miller, the granddaughter of Mr. Smith, was the Captain. The girls were dressed in white and blue, and played with as much skill and grace as any club of boys we ever saw. It was most amusing to see the boys sitting round idle spectators of the scene. ("There's a good time come, girls, wait no longer.") And this is only one of many other clubs in this country. We wish American men would take note of what is going on in their own country and not be continually pointing us to England. We were obliged to take the *Tribune* to task for the same thing last week. If you would keep yourselves posted, Mr. Editors, on what women are doing, read the *N. Y. World* or "THE REVOLUTION."

MARRIAGES AND MISTRESSES.

I FRANKLY admit that to be a "mistress" is less dishonorable than to be a "wife;" for while the mistress may leave her degradation if she will, public sentiment and the law hold the "wife" in hers; and while the man is obliged to render compensation (poor I admit for the sacrifice) to his "mistress," he may demand of his "wife" that she perform his drudgery, submit to his blows, and (worse) live the uncomplaining victim of his capacity.—*Francis Barry*.

Many of our journals were shocked with the above sentiment from a correspondent of "THE REVOLUTION." With the following summary of the laws on marriage and divorce, we have no doubt, the women of the republic, will be equally shocked, and all will readily see that whatever the "social position" of a "mistress" may be, the "legal position" of a wife is more dependent and degrading than any other condition of womanhood can possibly be. Why a contract for the mutual happiness of two parties should be made so hopeless and insulting to one is difficult to discover.

If, civilly and politically, man must stand supreme, let us at least be equals in our nearest and most sacred relations.

As a distinguished Massachusetts lawyer once declared in a public meeting, that our laws on marriage and divorce bore equally on man and woman, it may be that some, even among our readers, are ignorant of what our code really is on these questions. Permit us, as briefly as possible, to state some of the inequalities, not only in the contract itself, but in all its privileges and penalties. It must strike every careful thinker that an immense difference rests in the fact, that man has made the laws. Inasmuch as all history shows that one class never did legislate for another with justice and equality, those who lack time to look up authorities and facts, might safely decide, by pure reason, that man had made the laws cunningly and selfishly for his own purpose.

When man suffers from false legislation, he has the remedy in his own hands; but an humble petition, protest or prayer, is all that woman can claim.

The contract of marriage is by no means equal. From Coke down to Kent, who can cite one law under the marriage contract, where woman has the advantage? The law permits the girl to marry at twelve years of age, while

it requires several years more of experience on the part of the boy. In entering this compact, the man gives up nothing that he before possessed; he is a man still: while the legal existence of the woman is suspended during marriage, and is known but in and through the husband. She is nameless, purseless, childless: though a woman, an heiress, and a mother.

Blackstone says, "the husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband." Kent says, "the legal effects of marriage are generally deducible from the principle of common law, by which the husband and wife are regarded as one person, and her legal existence and authority lost or suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union." Vol. 2, p. 109. Kent refers to *Coke on Littleton*, 112, A., 187 B.; *Litt.*, sec. 168, 291.

The wife is regarded by all legal authorities as a "femme covert," placed wholly "sub potestate viri." Her moral responsibility, even, is merged in the husband. The law takes it for granted that the wife lives in fear of her husband; that his command is her highest law; hence a wife is not punishable for theft committed in presence of her husband. *Kent*, vol. 2, p. 127. An unmarried woman can make contracts, sue and be sued, enjoy the rights of property, to her inheritance, her wages, her person, her children; but in marriage, in many of the states, she is robbed by law of her natural and civil rights. "The disability of the wife to contract, so as to bind herself, arises not from want of discretion, but because she has entered into an indissoluble connection by which she is placed under the power and protection of her husband." *Kent*, vol. 2, p. 127. "She is possessed of certain rights until she is married; then all are suspended, to revive again the moment the breath goes out of the husband's body." See *Coxen's Treatise*, vol. 2, p. 709. If the contract be equal, whence come the terms, "marital power," "marital rights," "obedience and restraint," "dominion and control?" Many cases are stated showing a most questionable power over the wife sustained by the courts. See *Bishop on Divorce*, p. 489.

Woman, as woman, has nothing to ask of our legislators but the right of suffrage. It is only in marriage, that she must demand her rights to person, children, property, wages, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. All the special statutes of which we complain—all the barbarities of the law—fall on her as wife and mother. We have not yet outlived the old feudal idea, the right of property in woman. The term marriage expresses the nature of the relation, in which man alone is recognized. It comes from the Latin "maris," husband; hence, as we look through the statutes and old common law, we find constant mention of "marital rights." Here and there, through the endless labyrinth of authorities, we are refreshed with a bit of benevolence for the wife in the form of "protection." We never hear of "uxorial rights;" but the "widow's dower," the "widow's incumbrance," "the wife's alimony."

The laws on divorce are quite as unequal as those on marriage; yes, far more so. The advantages seem to be all on one side, and the penalties on the other. In case of divorce, if the husband be the guilty party, he still retains a greater part of the property! If the wife be the guilty party, she goes out of the partnership penniless. *Kent*, vol. 2, p. 33. *Bishop on Divorce*, p. 489. In New York, and some other states, the wife of the guilty husband can now sue for a divorce in her own name, and the costs come out of the

husband's estate; but in a majority of the states she is still compelled to sue in the name of another, as she has no means of paying costs, even though she may have brought her thousands into the partnership. "The allowance to the innocent wife, of 'ad interim,' alimony, and money to sustain the suit, is not regarded as strict right in her, but of sound discretion in the court." *Bishop on Divorce*, p. 581. "Many jurists," says *Kent* (vol. 2, p. 88), "are of opinion that the adultery of the husband ought not to be noticed or made subject to the same animadversions as that of the wife, because it is not evidence of such entire depravity, nor equally injurious in its effects upon the morals and good order, and happiness of domestic life." Montesquieu, Pothier, and Dr. Taylor, all insist, that the cases of husband and wife ought to be distinguished, and that the violation of the marriage vow, on the part of the wife, is the most mischievous, and the prosecution ought to be confined to the offense on her part." *Esprit des Loix*, tome 3, 186. *Traité du Contrat de Marriage*, No. 516. *Elements of Civil Law*, p. 251.

Say you, these are but the opinions of men? On what else, we ask, are the hundreds of women depending, who this hour demand in our courts a release from burdensome contracts? Are not these delicate matters left wholly to the discretion of the courts? Are not young women, from our first families, dragged into our public courts—into assemblies of men exclusively? The judges all men, the jurors all men! No true woman there to shield them, by her presence, from gross and impertinent questionings, to pity their misfortunes, or to protest against their wrongs! The administration of justice depends far more on the opinions of eminent jurists, than on law alone, for law is powerless, when at variance with public sentiment.

In view of laws like these, is not Francis Barry fully sustained in his assertion? Let those Christian men who make our laws, if they would dignify the position of wife, blot out this infamous code from their statute books. If they would dignify the family, that great conservator of national virtue and strength, let them establish one code of morals for man and woman, for there can be nothing sacred at that family altar where the chief priest who ministers is unfaithful to his marriage vows.

E. C. S.

BLACK-MAILING.

As the organ of woman in her lowest as well as high estate, we cannot be silent over the painful fact which has come to our notice, that there is a regular system of black-mail levied by policemen upon the hard-earned money of poor little street walkers. More than a year ago, a corporation ordinance was passed which rendered it a misdemeanor for such girls to solicit men in the streets. The fact, therefore, of a girl standing to talk with a man at night renders her liable to arrest, under the supposition that she is soliciting him for improper purposes. Taking advantage of this, many policemen compel presents from girls, with an understanding that they will not arrest them either for stationary conversations, for fights, or in case the houses they may chance to be in, should be "pulled," and all inmates marched to the station-house. Keepers of houses of ill fame are all liable to arrest at any time, as having disorderly houses, whether perfect tranquility exists in their abodes or not. They are, therefore, in the

habit, so we are credibly informed, of paying both police captains and police officers for their immunity.

Our readers have, doubtless, all noticed policemen talking with young women at street corners, both day and night. It rarely happens that the girls are not of the unfortunate class, and that the rascals are not pestering them for money. * * *

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN FOR CONGRESS.

THE recent nomination of Mr. Train to represent the Fifth New York Congressional district meets with unusual favor on every hand. It is a nomination eminently fit to be made, and his friends cannot but rejoice at the general approval of the selection by men of distinction of all political faiths. As might be expected, the Irish element in the district are united on him to a man, and intelligent Irish women share the enthusiasm. Meetings are held almost every evening to urge his claims, and the Train Congressional Committee have secured rooms at the Anson House, corner of Spring and Crosby streets, for use during the campaign. On Friday evening, Apollo Hall was filled to suffocation by friends of Mr. Train. Gen. W. J. Nagle made a speech in favor of him during which he read many extracts from Mr. Train's speeches and letters, going to show his attachment to Ireland, his love of freedom, and his extraordinary ability to serve in Congress. He said that the first conception of the Pacific Railroad sprang from Train's teeming brain. The next speaker was Capt. L. J. Goulding. He was followed by Mr. Archdeacon, who had been a Fenian prisoner in England—and several others. Should Mr. Train arrive in time to accept the proposal, and canvass for one week his district, his election is secure. And surely it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, in this day of congressional corruptions, shams and spectral shows. The consummate ability with which he has conducted his Pacific Railroad and other gigantic western enterprises, his true and untiring devotion to not only the Irish American but every American interest while in a British prison (our real Minister Plenipotentiary, despite the presence at Court of Charles Francis Adams or Reverdy Johnson), together with the peerless talent displayed by him in his treatment of every problem of national concernment, social and moral, as well as political, industrial, commercial, financial and diplomatic, all conspire to show how eminently fit is the selection and desirable his success. With him in the House of Representatives the nation would soon see that it had one man there with ideas broad and universal as humanity; and with courage, conscience, power of persuasion and argument to unfold and enforce them, "without partiality, affection, or hope of reward."

AMERICAN COLORPHOBIA.—Rev. J. Sella Martin, a colored clergyman of superior talents and the highest respectability, is denied a state-room and place at the table on board our first-class steamboats. And yet during his tour abroad he was the guest in Great Britain frequently of families in the highest social circles, including the nobility, has dined in the Queen's palace at Edinburgh (the celebrated Holyrood Palace), and has had the honor of a private reception by the Queen. In other words, he has been cordially welcomed where the snobs who insult him in America, whether clerks, captains,

or the owners of steamboats, could not possibly gain admittance.

BEAUTY VERSUS BRAINS.

WHAT kind of men is the London *Saturday Review* talking about in style like this? If this be his own measure of manhood, what can he suppose women with brains think of him and his like? Hear him:

Men do not care for brains in excess in women. (1) They like a sympathetic intellect which can follow them, and seize their thoughts as quickly as they are uttered, (2) but they do not much care for any clear or special knowledge of facts; (3) and even the most philosophic among them would rather not be set right in a classical quotation, an astronomical calculation, or the exact bearing of a political question by a lovely being in tarlatane whom he was graciously unbending to instruct. (4) Neither do they want anything strong minded. (5) To most men, indeed, the feminine strong mindedness that can discuss immoral problems without blushing, and despise religious observances as useful only to weak souls, in a quality as unwomanly as a well developed biceps or a huge fist would be. (6) It is sympathy, not antagonism; it is companionship, not rivalry, still less supremacy. (7) That they like in women; and some women with brains as well as learning—for the two are not the same thing. (8) Understand this, and keep their blue stockings well covered by their petticoats.

(1) No; little brains and much beauty. A right Blue Beard sentiment!

(2) An easy thing for a brainless beauty to do.

(3) No, facts are nothing to them. Fiction, fancy, fashion, folly, in a word; not "facts." They are for brains, not beauty.

(4) O, no, indeed! better a thousand times be wrong than be set right by "a lovely being in tarlatane."

(5) Never! Weak minded by all means, or no wife at all; or even mistress.

(6) That's so. "Immoral problems" are for men. They can discuss anything "without blushing;" and "despise religious observances as useful only to weak souls," i. e. beauties without brains.

(7) Exactly. Submission, servility (not "supremacy") become her better.

(8) No; very different things. This London Reviewer may have "learning." Possibly, that's what's the matter. "Much learning may have made him mad;" may have turned the brains he has. "Petticoats," or charity, are often wanted to cover worse things than blue stockings. But we forbear

P. P.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is our painful duty to tell our readers in the face of that glowing autobiographical sketch we gave a few weeks since of his domestic accomplishments as a boy, that in housekeeping we fear Mr. Beecher's manhood has not realized the promise of his youth. A reliable city editor informs us that one summer, when Mr. Beecher was left to keep house for himself, he cooked his own breakfast every morning (so far so good) but never washed his dishes, getting out each morning a clean set, for cooking and table purposes, and when he had used all the iron, tin and crockery in the establishment, he cooked no more. That might have been in one of those dispensations when he considers "idleness to be a duty." (See *Ledger*.) But we can sympathize with Mr. Beecher in this seeming neglect, for the most depressing and discouraging part of a meal is picking up the fragments, and marshaling pots, pans, knives, forks, spoons and China in decency and order to their accustomed places. There is some enthusiasm in compounding del-

icacies, roasting a turkey or boiling vegetables, all to the point of perfection, spreading the table with clean napkins, shining silver, pure white china and vases of flowers, but when the lights are fled, the garlands dead, and all the he's departed, what a scene of desolation dining-room and kitchen reveal. We have often likened it to a deserted field of battle.

The pious reflection that here suggests itself is if the cook and waiter sit rather long at the table after they have finished their meal, be not impatient, for they feel the depressing influence of the desolation and confusion, as well as the monotony of doing what they have done a thousand times before; without the comforting knowledge that more intelligent physiologists possess, that breakfasts, dinners and teas furnish the base for all that is exquisite in poetry, painting and music, for the eloquent orator, the wise statesman, the astute politician, for faithful preachers, teachers and mothers, and the troops of happy children that gladden our streets and homes. Take every opportunity to exalt to your cook the dignity of her position, and show her, that she holds in her keeping the religion and morals of the family, for no one with dyspepsia can be either a saint or a hero.

FRANK BLAIR ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

THERE is too much justice in what Frank Blair says in rebuke of many republicans and some abolitionists who have abandoned the cause of Woman in their zeal for Manhood Suffrage, because it can be made immediately available for the lowest party purposes. In a recent speech at Indianapolis Mr. Blair said:

The devout creed of Wade, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Lovejoy, Pomeroy—all who believe in universal suffrage—held it sacred as the right of women, as the fairest and best of our species. Now this whole party have abandoned this doctrine. Although they have been absolute in Congress for eight years they have not countenanced the slightest motion in favor of this grand religious idea that rose with them above all party politics, above all manhood assumption of selfishness. Now it is all turned to manhood suffrage! How this change? Has this radical fanatic sect turned Mohammedan? Have the women, the fairest portion of creation, ceased to have souls to be saved? Have they no rights in society, no conjugal rights, no maternal instincts or duties to protect?—or have they no minds, gifted with intellectual power, to combine their suffrage as a safeguard?

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—Women and girls in service may be often improvident as well as friendless, but should not be turned out of doors in illness like Catherine Carroll who was found in Hicks street, near Atlantic, one night last week, prostrated with chills and fever. The poor woman had been discharged from the service of a Mrs. Osborn of Clinton and Willoughby streets on account of sickness. She had applied to the Sisters of Charity for admission to their hospital, at the corner of Hicks and Congress streets, but was not admitted, as that institution was full of patients. The officer who found her in the street took her to the station-house in Butler street, and from thence to the Long Island College Hospital.

SPAIN AND SLAVERY.—It is said the Provisional Junta will free the children of the blacks, in anticipation of the total abolition of slavery in the colonies, by the Cortes. The new government in France, after the Revolution of 1793, immediately emancipated all French slaves. The "horrors of St. Domingo," so terrible even to this day, came of the diabolical restoration of the system ten years afterwards.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

So far, it moves on gloriously. The Provisional government has issued a programme guaranteeing many real reforms, such as universal suffrage, religious liberty, the freedom of the press, the right of public assemblage, radical changes in the system of education, the right of trial by jury, the abolition of the Death Penalty, and the equality of all men before the law. The judges of the courts to be appointed for life. The leaders of the Junta, at Madrid, are monarchical in their preferences, but have agreed to accept a Republic, if the people so pronounce at the elections.

WHIPPING IN SCHOOLS.—A New Hampshire correspondent asks if "THE REVOLUTION" is open to discussion on the question of corporal punishment in schools. He finds the public sentiment all about him still strongly in its favor. He says: "The public have a morbid reverence for long established usages, regardless of their character. The Press, the Pulpit and the Lyceum pander to the public taste. Among all the brutal and devilish customs which barbarism has left us, whipping in school has few equals. Yet an educated (?) public fosters and protects it." "THE REVOLUTION" has alluded to this question repeatedly in terms of unmixed rebuke and execration. Whipping is the beginning, the support, the tap root of hanging. A teacher or parent who cannot control children without pounding and mangling their flesh and bones, is not qualified for the station. A government that can only hang its chiefest criminals, or that hangs any human being, is alike incompetent. What says our correspondent to that?

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.—The *World* says, "THE REVOLUTION" is behind time in commending it for "full reports of the last facts in labor and in Woman's Suffrage," and says it "can stand such praise without a strain of complacency, because, in all modesty, it is deserved by us, and, in all certainty, it is sincere in 'THE REVOLUTION.'" The *World* adds:

"THE REVOLUTION" has not been so remarkable for keenness as for courtesy in acknowledging our solitary excellence in news-getting and news-giving, at a day long after the universal public had discovered the same thing.

But if our praise be "sincere" when it is bestowed, it is, doubtless, a good deal more than can be said of the "universal public," of whose commendation the *World* boasts, and should be therefore the most highly prized.

"WHAT ANSWER," a story of to-day, by Anna Dickinson. It is a neatly bound volume of three hundred pages, good paper, clear print, published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston. Price \$1.50. It is a deeply interesting series of sketches of some of the last eventful years of our nation's history. We will give a more extended notice hereafter.

A SAN FRANCISCO girl has made a bedquilt of 2,001 pieces.

Very likely; but there are many thousands of girls in the time who have been wisely and usefully employed, which is much more commendable.

WORKING WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

THE Sewing Machine Operator's Union meets at Botanic Hall, 68 East Broadway, this (Thursday) evening, at 7½ o'clock.

The Women's Typographical Union will meet in the same place, on Monday, Oct. 19th, at 7½ o'clock.

We urge all working women to attend these meetings. Only good can come from the discussion of the great problem of the age—"How to secure to the laborer the just proceeds of his and her earnings?"

WOMEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE call for the Women's National Convention to be held in Washington, early in December, is too late for this week's paper; but let us say to the friends of woman suffrage in every state, be sure and be represented there, either by person or letter. Let this Convention be a grand rally of the earnest women of the nation who believe in the practise of the fundamental idea of our Government, "No Taxation without Representation."

ROLL UP THE PETITIONS.

REMEMBER, the first thing in order when Congress assembles is the District Columbia Suffrage bill. Now is the time for the women of the nation to see that the word "male" is struck from that bill. Let the first experiment of a genuine republic be tried at the Capitol.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—The papers report Mr. Garrison as on a visit last week to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in Hartford, Ct. He boasts of being a grandfather, and has three grandchildren gathered for the present under his roof at Roxbury. He bears the honors of age well, though it is now nearly fifty years since he learned the art of Franklin in the office of the Newburyport *Herald*, where Whittier not long after began to print his youthful verses.

MRS. STANTON'S new home is Cedar Hill, Tensasly, N. J. Her private letters will reach her there.

SOUND STATESMANSHIP.—The Address of the Alabama Democratic State Committee to the white men of that State contains the following sound and sensible advice:

We advise our people to accord to the freedmen all the rights and privileges which the present laws secure to them. Withhold from them no right to which they are entitled. Let them not be obstructed in the exercise of any privilege which the laws give them. Under our present laws they are entitled to the right of suffrage. Let them enjoy it freely, voluntarily, and without molestation.

THE SPANISH CHURCH.—The religious interests of Spain will test all the wisdom and prudence of her great men in State and Church to provide for and direct. The country possesses no less than 800 convents, with 15,000 nuns. There are 55 bishops, 2,500 canons and abbots, 1,800 "regular priests," 24,000 vicars, and multitudes of lesser officials besides. The budget for the church is twice as high in Spain, which contains 16,000,000 of souls, as in France, with 37,000,000 of Roman Catholics. The church will probably engage the serious attention of the government, which, to all present appearance, is to succeed Queen Isabella and her Ministers.

WOMEN IN ART.

THE *Galaxy* for October says several of the English magazines owe their choicest illustrations to the genius and culture of young women who have learned to draw on wood. Many of the finest designs in *London Society* and *Belgravia* are furnished from this source, and some of the most amusing sporting pictures in *Punch* are from the pencil of a young lady who can draw and ride with equal daring and freedom. But until very recently such instances were rare in this country. Now, however, the great increase in the number of our illustrated periodicals is opening this new field for women of artistic talent and education. No one can deny that we have in this country many young women of high talent and real accomplishment as artists. The recent exhibitions of the National Academy of Design have contained evidences that American women can attain high positions in many of the departments of art. But the growing demand for book and magazine illustrations offers an easier and surer path to success. Many of the finest illustrations in the *Riverside Magazine* are from the pencil of Miss Lucy Gibbons, whose drawings evince knowledge, culture, delicate fancy, refined sentiment, and great fertility of invention. She puts her drawings on the block with the facility and firmness of a master. Miss Mary L. Stone also draws for the *Riverside* and is now engaged on a series of illustrations for a book to be published this Fall by Hurd & Houghton, entitled "Tales for Little Convalescents." Miss Stone has a great deal of fancy, an excellent eye for grouping and composition, and is rarely at fault in drawing the human figure. She was for many years the pupil of Edwin White, and more recently of Prof. Rimmer. The fine illustration entitled "Thridding my fingers through my hair," in the *Galaxy* for August, was from the pencil of Miss Mary Hallock, a young artist whose compositions contain promise of no ordinary kind. Her imagination is sober-suited, and she has less fancy and humor than either Miss Gibbons or Miss Stone; but she has a deeper feeling for composition and light and shade. Her training, under Prof. Rimmer, has been very severe, and she draws with remarkable correctness. Miss C. W. Conant is also giving attention to drawing on wood, and some of her compositions show great taste and culture.

A CALL FROM FRANCE.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of two circulars sent to us from France. One is an earnest, enlightened call to a Congress of Peace and Liberty to be held in Berne, 23d ult.

In a list of eleven rules for the control of this Congress, we notice—"No. 3.—Women shall be admitted on the same conditions and with the same rights as men. They are invited to take part in the discussion and to propose questions which are of special interest to them."

The other circular is a letter from Prof. Gustave Vogt, the President of Committee appointed by above Congress, and from Th. Beck, Esq. These gentlemen write: "It is not from vain gallantry, but from a sense of justice and serious respect that the permanent Central Committee, after mature reflection, yielding to a necessity of constantly increasing weight, has resolved to open wide the doors of the League and of Congress to woman, and in this way recognize publicly her social and political rights—equal in all respects to those of man. We are

deeply convinced that women will bring much life and force to our work of radical and universal emancipation."

The letter closes thus: "To become a salutary and real power, our League must become the pure political expression of the great interests and economical and social principles which are triumphantly developed and propagated to-day by the great international association of the laborers of Europe and America."

MORE ROWS IN COLLEGES.

HAZING is still permitted and practiced in New England Colleges. If it can be arrested in no other way, the people should enter and haze every president, professor and tutor out of them, if it closed them up forever. It is disgraceful to human nature that a custom so super savage is tolerated for a day. In any humbler institution or association it would be blasted out of being, by breath of popular opinion, or of the law. When young women are permitted a place in the colleges, the end of such brutalities will cease. We were led into these remarks by the following from a Vermont paper:

A disgraceful row took place in the College chapel at Middlebury on Wednesday of last week, between the Sophomores and Freshmen, in which one young man was knocked down and plenty of blows and hard words expended. We understand that the Sophomores were the aggressors and that in consequence of the transaction and the attitude taken by the class in reference to it, the entire Sophomore class in the College was suspended by the faculty. A delegation of four Sophomores came to Burlington yesterday and applied to the officers of the University for admission here, which, however, was of course denied, and the young gentlemen left in extreme disgust and declaring that none of the class would ever return to Middlebury College.

WOMAN AND MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

THE University of Michigan is among the most liberal as well as liberally endowed of our literary institutions. The following extract from the Annual Report of the President to the Board of Regents at their late anniversary, will be pleasant reading to the patrons of "THE REVOLUTION":

The Legislature of 1867 adopted the following: "Resolved, That it is the deliberate opinion of this Legislature that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized will never be fully attained, until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges."

If this is the deliberate opinion of the Legislature it may be supposed to be the opinion of a majority of the people of the State, and if so, the University belonging to the State should regard that opinion. A year ago, in my report, I briefly noticed this subject, and set forth the objections to the demand made, as forcibly as I could, and recommended that no change at that time be made in the policy of the University. I admitted, however, that young women ought to have all advantages furnished to young men, but deprecated the agitation, and perhaps temporary injury to the University that might ensue, especially unless proper provision was made which would involve the expenditure of considerable money.

I advert to the subject again because I believe the State will not be able to pass it by without investigation and action, and because the State ought not to neglect it. It is not right that both girls and boys—young men and young women—should be educated together in our public schools, our high schools, and our Normal School, and that the privileges of University education should be confined to one-half of the population. If young women wish to enjoy the advantages of our libraries, and museums, and laboratories, and lectures and other instruction, it is simply wrong to deny them the privilege. If there are difficulties in the way, these questions should be honestly investigated. Are the difficulties, or are they not, insuperable? If they can be properly

guarded against, would the expense of doing so be greater or less than to duplicate the University, so as to give equal advantages to women elsewhere? The more I consider the subject, and the more carefully I study the results of the education of both sexes in the same schools, the more inclined am I to the belief that the best method for Michigan would be to make provision for the instruction of women at the University on the same conditions as men. I have come to this conclusion slowly. A few objections have sometimes seemed to me strong, but the most of what is regarded against it is fanciful, and partakes of the nature of the thoughtless opposition to what is new. The standard of education would not be changed. The habits of study would not be affected. The honor of the University would be rather increased than diminished. It does not injure the young man at the Sorbonne, in Paris, that the ladies, also, can listen to the lectures. The demand that women should enjoy the same advantages as men, grows out of Christian civilization, and if difficulties arise, we must not shrink from them, but remove them. Responsibility makes strength. I think, however, that to try this experiment fairly, we should make as soon as convenient some improvements in our buildings. Some additional instructors also might be required. Though the additional cost would be trifling compared with that of establishing another college for women elsewhere, still it would be more than could be met by the University out of its present resources, until the grant made by the State in 1857 could be received.

MOUNT VERNON WOMEN AGAIN.

THE Women of Mount Vernon will triumph or sell dearly their cause. On Tuesday evening of last week they had their first encounter. If it was a defeat, so too were Bull Run and Bunker Hill. But sublime results followed both in due time. From the correspondence of the *New York World* the following is abridged:

Last night beheld the protomartyrdom of the movement for female suffrage in the United States. Three of the women of America offered their ballots to the inspector of elections in Mount Vernon, whose name, be it held up to never-dying scorn, is Lucas; Lucas being a strict constructionist, rejected the boon, and the three women of America went away.

This was the way of it. It has happened in Mount Vernon that the great proportion of the taxable property is owned by the women thereof, and, according to the statements of these fortunate females, it has happened also that the disbursement of the taxes laid upon this property has fallen into the hands of a set of scrape-graces, one of whom has distinguished himself by defaulting in \$18,800, and another by absconding with a sum of which the minimum estimate is \$1,500. Withal, upon the same authority, these officers have the additional demerit of being sots, and of bestowing profound inattention upon their official business. The school-houses are said to be wretchedly ill-provided, the school teachers badly and irregularly paid, and the school children utterly unttaught. These things had been fermenting for a long time in the Mount Vernon female mind, and had come out in bitter words in at least one instance, but nothing had really been done when, upon this discontent supervened, about six weeks ago Miss Susan B. Anthony, who touched the torch of her eloquence to the heap of combustible grievances which she found in Mount Vernon, and the result has been the explosion of last night. It seems that in the contest for school officers the Peddingtonians were divided into two fierce parties who placarded the dead walls of the burgh with bulletins hortatory and invective. One of the former began tropically, "Come One, Come All," and it was this to which the handbill of the women heretofore published in the *World* refers when it sets forth that they have been "invited" to participate in the election.

The officers who were balloted for last evening were nominated on Saturday evening, and on that occasion Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. J. F. Sheppard, and Miss Lucia Hall favored the caucus with their presence. They were kindly received, and had some share in the nominations, and so indirectly in the election.

But not directly, as will be seen. The election was held in Law's Hall. The room was divided midway of its length last night by a barricade of benches, practicable only for inspectors of election and reporters, and apparently intended to serve as a breakwater against the foaming tide of female fury which was expected to hurl itself upon the minions of an effete order of things. The whole place was redolent of tobacco-smoke, and the

fringes of the crowd were of men and boys of the baser sort, who obviously came to scoff. Mount Vernon, of course, was stirred to its profoundest depths by the expectation of seeing women at the poll, and the first part of the proceedings, the ordinary routine of such an occasion, was beheld with that dull disgust which marks the demeanor of the auditors at a spectacle who bend cold regards on Columbine and Harlequin while the transformation scene is setting.

It was about 7:30 when at the head of the stairs emerged the fore-front of the future, incarnated in Mrs. Mary H. Macdonald. Mrs. Macdonald is a tall lady with dark hair, peppered a little with gray, which she disposes in slender curls, deep dark eyes, a very resolute face, and rather an aggressive appearance generally. She had surmounted herself on this occasion with a green bonnet with long strings, and enclosed herself in a walking suit of asme sober color.

Close following was Mrs. Dorothy Ferguson, a Scotch-woman of mature years, who in her own country has been an ardent advocate of abstinence, and seems determined to carry it on, by voting or otherwise, regarding suffrage as a mere means towards the end of ousting drunkards and tipplers from office, and otherwise contributing to their unhappiness. She is a pleasant old lady, with a prominent and shiny forehead, talks broad Scotch, and dresses very quietly. Mrs. Ferguson's "man" is a respectable dealer in hardware in Mount Vernon.

Then came Mrs. M. Jeannette Farrand, a buxom and a presentable person of forty or thereabouts, who wears a dress of the future, possibly, but certainly a gay shawl and round hat of the immediate present.

Last came Mrs. Catharine M. White, a widow, who has children of docile years. She is quite pretty and dresses demurely in black.

When these Roman matrons entered the hall of Law, though one or two irreverent youth ejaculated "hi hi," for which they were forthwith hustled and otherwise rendered wretched, the temper of the majority of the crowd was not only good humored but respectful. A lane was opened, down which the forlorn hope charged the embrasure of the ballot-box at which stood the luckless Lucas with his statutory linstock in his hand. The other inspectors are Mr. Rankin and Mr. Van Court. Mrs. Macdonald charged ballot in momentous silence.

Mr. Lucas (hurried)—Ladies, we are glad to see you, but we can't receive your votes.

Semi-chorus of male voices—Shame.

Mr. Lucas (in recitative)—We have examined the State law but we find there no clause whereby the ladies are allowed to vote.

Then Mr. Lucas lifted up his voice and read from the State constitution the passage appropriate to the present occasion. Alas, it began, "Every male citizen." Mrs. Macdonald faced it with unmoved front and at the finale of "shall be entitled to vote," retorted on the statute-book with sarcasm;

"Yes, gentlemen, drunk or sober."

Lucas was silent. He wasn't there to argue with people who disputed his axioms. So when Mrs. Macdonald thrust her ballot into his inspective hand, he took it and slipped it quietly under the ballot-box.

Indignant semi-chorus, as before—Shame.

Mrs. Ferguson proffered her ballot. It was put under the box. Ditto Mrs. Farrand. Result ditto. Mrs. White became timorous and gave hers to a friendly male to "please put it into the box." Result unknown.

Then the baffled four turned and went. But from the lips of Mrs. Macdonald escaped this Parthian dart:

"Well, gentlemen, we haven't disgraced you, have we? We're going home sober."

Mrs. Ferguson—Well, I dinna think we've disgraced ourselves comin' to the poll. A'v'rything was v'ry nice and orderly.

Mrs. F. subsequently remarked, in the freedom of social conversation, "Hoot, its not much to vote. I could ha' done yon that Lucas was doin, weel enough."

It is said that the party of the future founds its hopes of getting its vote accepted upon the fact that the qualifications for voting at school elections are different to those for general suffrage which the inspector read. So indeed, they are, but *quoad* the present case, they are equally inexorable, and begin "Every male person."

It is at least sweet to know that the ticket for which the ladies would have voted was elected by a great majority, with one exception, a candidate whom Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. White indignantly scratched by reason of his notorious addiction to billiards and beer. Mrs. Macdonald herself had five votes for the school-trusteeship.

Th would-be votresses proclaim that they intend to offe ir votes, and to agitate till they get them so pt-

"Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you. All the swords
In Westchester, and her confederate arms
Could not have raised this row." SCALPEL.

EQUAL RIGHTS IN WISCONSIN.

THE Equal Rights Association of Wisconsin held their annual meeting in Fond du Lac on the 9th and 10th of September. From the *Commonwealth* of that city we copy a part of its proceedings which appear to have been both spirited and harmonious. The following Declaration of Principles was ably considered and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, All associations, though favorable to the broadest liberty of individual thought and action consistent with the rights of others, should have some general principles upon which to unite their strength and work together; therefore,

Resolved, That we pledge our devoted and active support to the following declarations: 1st. The greatest good to the greatest numbers requires that the right of suffrage should be extended to all, under like circumstances, without distinction of race, color or sex.

2d, That the officers, both State and National, President not excepted, should be elected by a direct vote of the people.

3d, The enactment and administration of all laws should be done with a strict view to economy and the equity of their effect upon all classes of people within their jurisdiction.

Mrs. Paulina J. Roberts of Racine, a practical farmer in a very large sense, delivered an address which was justly complimented by resolution as follows:

Resolved, That we recognize in Mrs. Paulina J. Roberts, a speaker of great worth and one who will exercise a powerful influence in the cause of Equal Rights, wherever she may be called; and that the Address delivered by her before this association, is filled with unanswerable argument and pure logic, and clothed in beauty of diction and power of expression rarely equalled. We therefore unanimously approve of its sentiments, and extend to her a vote of thanks for the intellectual feast thus rendered us.

From the address of Mrs. Roberts we give the following passages:

In the allwise ordering of the Divine economy the male and female influences combined, are found essential to the growth and development of every animate and inanimate thing, from the smallest atom in the universe, all the way up to living, breathing humanity; thence upward to the Deity enthroned in the universe.

We are often told that the Bible gives us no authority for woman's voting. Very well, you can find no authority there for man's voting. Will you surrender your right on that ground? There is no authority in the Bible for a republican government. Shall we go back then to barbarism? But, says one, law came through man, and woman had nothing to do with it. Not quite so fast, we read that Moses (who is reputed to be the first law giver) went up into a mountain and there received the law from the hand of God himself. If that were true, it came from the great creating intelligence which is both male and female, for all creative powers must combine both these elements, else they could not give life. And I contend that all governments must combine both elements, else they cannot dispense justice to all.

Again I hear some Pharisee say, that if women were allowed to vote, all the bad women would go to the polls and all the good ones stay at home. Indeed, do you fear this? Well just let me say for your instruction that all the bad women, as you please to call them, really have just as good a right to go to the polls and vote as you have, and other men who have made them what they are. And as to the good women staying at home I must say they have ever been found ready to do their part in any good and noble work, and time will prove that they will not fail us even with the ballot.

Thus far woman's whole training has been to make her pleasing and attractive to the opposite sex rather than to make her a really useful and noble being. To play with her parrot or poodle, to suit the silly fancy of some soft brained fool, or to drudge for some miserable miser. It is time that woman lived for some nobler

purpose and brought forth the buried talents and put them to use, before she be called to an account for her stewardship.

If men were reared by noble mothers; if they were what a noble and god-like woman would make them, it would take the noble attributes of woman to attract and please them. But whilst we are taught that to be womanly is to be weak, silly and simple, and men are born and reared under such influences, we shall have silly men enough to match with the majority of women. And whilst girls are reared for the matrimonial market, instead of useful, womanly duties; whilst they are instructed to marry for a home, rather than to earn a living; whilst they are required to give the best part of their lives to fashionable folly, instead of remunerative labor, and that honest industry is degrading to woman we shall find that men as well as women will fall short of attaining to the full and noble condition which life has in store for them.

I look to the ballot as the first stepping-stone toward overcoming these terribly false conditions.

If I want my rights, or would use them, what right have you to deny me because another does not ask the same?

If there is a woman here that does not want to vote, that says she has all the privileges she wants, or rights he can use, may God pity her for her blindness, for she may be innocent of the wrong she is doing.

But let me tell you, dear sister. If you are blessed with such privileges and conditions, they are a blessing lent, rather than your legal right. And if you are surrounded by kind, loving, and gentle influences, remember that there are thousands upon thousands of women who are suffering from unjust legislation, thousands who are toiling half fed, half clothed, homeless, friendless, shelterless, for no fault of their own, but because their lines have not been cast in as pleasant places as yours. And who knows, my dear woman, but your daughter may one day make one of that unhappy number! who knows but that she may some day be tyrannized over by a drunken husband!

Who knows but that your daughter's children may cry for bread, whilst the drunken prodigal, who claims to be their representative and legal protector shall wrest from them the cherished loaf to barter for liquor fire that consumes his manhood!

Oh, my dear sisters, have you no duties to suffering humanity? Have you no sympathies for the wretched, suffering, toiling, starving sisters of want and woe, because you have enough and to spare? Have you no sympathy for those who have gone down to the gates of hell for the sake of a few crumbs to save their children from starvation? Mother has your worn heart never gone out in sympathy for those sons who have been lured by temptation into gambling bells and drinking saloons, and from there into houses of prostitution, all of which men licensed? Do you know that man's managed, usurped power and his legal power, excuse much for him, which woman is cursed for; and have you not something to do to gain this power for woman, which shall help to raise her up from such conditions, instead of her dragging man down to her condition?

Let us not be satisfied until woman can be encouraged and protected in every position which she has talent to attain. Until she can work when she will, and where she will and receive a just recompense for her labors; until she can be respected for what she is, for herself, and not be obliged to marry for home or reputation; until she can herself be the owner and possessor of her own selfhood; until laws, customs and society itself will accord to her in all places and under all circumstances just what it would to man under the

WOMEN IN THE LABOR CONGRESS.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: Permit me to congratulate you on your success in presenting the claims of workingwomen at the late National Labor Congress. The formation of Workingwomen's Associations was preliminary work in the right direction; and the appointment of delegates from these bodies, their kindly reception by the Labor Congress, and the good work done by them and by their sister delegate, Mrs. Stanton, during the sessions, were causes of sincere rejoicing. Your zeal in behalf of workingwomen is worthy of the highest commendation, and the agitation which you are giving to the subject of their

wrongs and claims through "THE REVOLUTION" will greatly advance the much needed amelioration.

Yours, for the laborer,

MARY F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J.

A CHEAP COOKING STOVE.—An English paper says that on the twenty-second of July, beef-steak was cooked on the south side of Westminster Bridge by the heat of the sun's rays alone. The apparatus employed consisted of an empty cigar-box, the inside of which had been blackened, and the top closed with three panes of glass, about one inch apart. In the course of twenty minutes, it is added, the steak was done on both sides, and a few potatoes had been baked around it.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST IN GOLD.—The First Mortgage fifty-year seven per cent. Sinking Fund Coupon Bond of the Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis Railroad Company, principle and interest payable in GOLD COIN, free of government tax, are for sale at the office of the Company, No. 12 Wall street, at 97½ per cent., and accrued interest in currency.

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H. H. BOODY, Treasurer.

THE BENEDICT TIME WATCH.

The enterprising firm of Benedict Brothers have now ready at their "up-town" establishment, 691 Broadway, an extensive and elegant assortment of Gold and Silver Watches for the Fall trade of 1868, to which they invite the attention of the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" and all others who desire a perfect TIME-KEEPER. Their stock comprises the various grades of the American Waltham and the choicest imported watches. They have, also in addition, a fine quality of watch which they have named the "Benedict Time Watch," they having the supervision of the manufacture of the movements, which are of nickel, which has proved to be a metal more durable than brass or other compound metals, and less liable to contraction or expansion by the fluctuating character of the temperature of this climate. This movement gives greater accuracy and requires less repairs than the others. Their stock of American Watches is unrivalled. All the various grades may be found at their counters at the lowest prices, regulated and in every respect warranted. The Messrs. Benedict Brothers have secured their reputation and extensive patronage by a strictly honorable course in conducting their business, selling the best of goods at fair prices. We feel safe in commending this establishment to the consideration of our readers, and would say to all, if you want a good, reliable Watch, go to Benedict Brothers, up town, 691 Broadway.

THE RAGE FOR ROMANCE

From the Literary Album.

It is but a few years, comparatively, since America could lay claim to a literature peculiarly her own. Before J. Fennimore Cooper wrote—and that seems but yesterday—we were dependent, almost entirely, upon Europe for our stock of novels. But as our nation increased in wealth and importance, and the necessity of laboring late and early for a bare subsistence grew less, a taste for light and entertaining literature sprung up, which continued to grow day by day and year by year, till we have at length become a nation of romance readers.

The taste for romance reading, as a natural consequence, developed a class of romance writers, and now, instead of depending upon Europe for light reading, we absolutely furnish our neighbors across the water with two-thirds of the matter which they serve up to their readers.

Among the writers of romance who have sprung up within the past few years, none perhaps have won so wide-spread and well-merited a popularity as those who contribute to the columns of the *New York Weekly*—a literary journal which has now reached the enormous circulation of two hundred thousand copies. The last

story issued by this popular weekly—and which is now in course of publication—is one entitled "Siballa the Sorceress; or, the Flower Girl of London." It is from the pen of Prof. Wm. Henry Peck, and is beyond question one of the most thrilling romances of modern times. The story is drawn from that exciting and troublous era in English history, when Richard III., the crooked-backed tyrant, went through his short but bloody reign, and the characters introduced are mainly historical, although the story, as a whole, is woven out of pure romance; and a romance it makes, too, of a most startling and thrilling character. The pure and spotless character of the heroine, the beautiful Lauretta, at once awakens the deepest sympathies of the reader; and the lofty character and daring deeds of the hero, young Mortimer, calls forth the most intense admiration—while the diabolical character of Siballa the Sorceress, and her coadjutors, the powerful Lord Roger de Montford and his libertine son, call forth feelings of unqualified horror and disgust. The truth is, it is impossible to read this great story without becoming entirely wrapped up in it. The incidents are so various and the scenes change so suddenly that one finds himself entirely carried away—taken prisoner completely, so to speak. At one moment he is thrilled with admiration at some noble action, and at the next filled with horror at some fiendish plot, the successful issue of which seems inevitable. Let no one hope to read this wonderful story and preserve a steady pulse, for that is impossible. He will by turns feel the hot blood leaping like lightning through his veins with pleasurable excitement, or suffer from the dread chill which fear induces. To all who are fond of genuine romance, however, we would say, by all means read "Siballa the Sorceress; or, the Flower Girl of London," published in the *New York Weekly*.

Financial Department.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. A lantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.—NO. 15.

MONEY AND CURRENCY.

Editors of the Revolution:

I FIND in your last number, (Oct. 8th) three articles on the above subjects, all founded on the idea so generally entertained that the value of our money can be determined by legislation, and consequently that paper or other inexpensive materials might be substituted for gold and silver, which cost labor, and have a value for use.

This view, it seems to me, is an error which has resulted from observing that so far as our creditors come under the action of our laws, they can be compelled to accept debased coins, or paper of doubtful convertibility, in place of the money we had promised; though if we look farther, we shall find that in paying debts abroad, where the standard has not been changed, or in making new purchases at home, it re-

quires as many more dollars as will make the difference in commercial value, between the old and the new; proving conclusively, that our money has a value of its own, dependent upon weight and fineness and not upon legislation, which can only attach names, and marks, by which these elements shall be readily known.

It is true, that by legislation we can create a fictitious, unnecessary demand for specie, as we did by establishing the sub-treasury system, and insisting upon the use of specie for the few hundreds of millions required in government transactions, while more thousands of millions of private exchanges are easily and safely effected by the use of paper representing and acting as the title to merchandise at specie prices.

Gold and silver require labor for their production; and although the amount of this labor never has been or can be free from variation, still, it is more uniform than in regard to other products; and at the same time, there is a more general and uniform appreciation of these metals among all nations than of any other materials.

Commerce has determined the relation which these bear to other products, and legislation as has already been said, can only affix names, and marks by which we may know the weight and fineness and consequently the cost and value of the mass presented.

When we degraded our gold coins during the administration of Andrew Jackson, we simply defrauded every domestic creditor and made it necessary afterward to pay 9 or 9½ per cent. exchange between our gold and that of England, which had not been changed. It takes now \$4.84 of our gold to pay for a pound sterling and not \$4.44 as in former times, and that should be a sufficient answer to all who imagine that human laws can subvert those made by the higher power upon which all things depend.

We might, as many claim, adopt time as our standard, if it could be shown that the service of any two persons had the same value, or power. But, that can never be, and therefore we must agree upon some useful materials which are produced mainly by merely manual, the honest form of labor, and let those serve our purpose as well as we can.

When we speak of currency, as it is generally understood, we mean bank notes and legal tenders, which to most persons seem more like money than any other form of paper, if they are not money in fact as many believe.

Mr. Webster once said, that "all those things with which we effect our commercial transactions are currency," and this is the simple, but very important truth which we would have all accept.

It will sometime be found that cashier's and other checks, drafts, bills of exchange, and all forms of paper which serve to represent and transfer commodities, are currency, and that the volume of all this must be determined by the price and quantity of merchandise to be exchanged. The currency, in whatever form it may appear, is but an effect, or instrument, and has no power as a cause.

But, gold and silver which cost labor and have a value for use, are causes, and just so far as the labor required for production, or the demand for use is in any considerable degree diminished, the price as compared with other things will fall, or what is the same in effect, other prices will rise, and no legislation can prevent this result.

This effect has already been observed, and there are those who long before Chevalier ex-

pressed his opinion, predicted that gold would some day become as cheap as silver, and that prices measured by the former alone, would be fifteen times greater than at that date.

Since then they have been doubled here, and more or less increased all over the world, and the bankers in Europe are now seriously considering whether they can safely lend money now which some years hence when repaid will not purchase half as much corn as at present.

They find that gold and silver have a commercial value which legislation cannot increase or diminish, though other causes may do either, and it is to their experience and conclusions that we point our friends who do not yet see the question as we do.

DAVID WILDER.

Boston, Oct. 8, 1868.

THE MONEY MARKET

was easier and call loans range from 6 to 7 per cent. with exceptions at 5 per cent. on governments. Discounts are steady at 7 per cent. The weekly bank statement is considered favorable. The loans are decreased \$3,958,286, the specie \$2,411,238, the deposits \$5,865,180, and the legal tenders only \$235,361.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks compared with the preceding week:

	Oct. 3.	Oct. 10.	Differences.
Loans,	\$269,553,868	\$265,595,582	Dec. \$3,958,286
Specie,	11,757,335	9,346,097	Dec. 2,411,238
Circulation,	34,154,806	34,183,103	Inc. 33,297
Deposits,	194,919,177	199,053,997	Dec. 5,865,180
Legal-tenders,	60,240,447	60,005,086	Dec. 235,361

THE GOLD MARKET

was heavy and declined throughout the week, closing at 137 1/4 to 138.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Saturday Sept. 3,	140 1/4	140 1/4	139 1/4	140
Monday, 5,	140 1/4	140 1/4	139 1/4	140
Tuesday, 6,	140 1/4	140 1/4	139 1/4	140 1/4
Wednesday, 7,	140	140 1/4	139 1/4	140
Thursday, 8,	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	139 1/4
Friday, 9,	138 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	139
Saturday, 10,	138 1/4	138 1/4	138 1/4	138 1/4
Monday, 12,	138 1/4	138 1/4	137 1/4	137 1/4

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

is firmer, and commercial bills are scarce. The quotations are prime bankers 60 days sterling bills 109 1/4 to 109 1/2, and sight 109 1/4 to 110, Francs on Paris bankers long 5.15 1/4 to 5.17 1/4, and short 5.13 1/4 to 5.12 1/4.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was active and strong throughout the week, the chief feature being Pacific Mail and the St. Paul shares, Rock Island and Wabash. The extraordinary advance in Pacific Mail is owing to arrangements having been concluded with the company and Mr. Webb by which they buy the Oregonian, and the other opposition steamers are all permanently withdrawn. The Pacific Mail Company will thus once more enjoy the industrial monopoly of the trade from New York to San Francisco.

Mungrave & Co., 19 Broad street, report the following quotations:

Canton, 48 1/4 to 50; Boston W. P., 16 1/4 to 17; Cumberland, 34 to 36; Quicksilver, 24 to 24 1/4; Mariposa, 8 to 9; Mariposa preferred, 22 to 22 1/4; Pacific Mail, 126 1/4 to 127; W. U. Tel., 36 1/4 to 36 1/2; N. Y. Central 128 1/4 to 128 1/2; Erie, 48 1/4 to 48 1/2; Erie preferred, 70 to 72; Hudson River, 135 to 135 1/2; Reading, 97 1/4 to 97 1/2; Wabash, 61 to 61 1/4; Mil. & St. P., 102 1/4 to 103; do. preferred, 103 1/4 to 103 1/2; Fort Wayne, 111 1/4 to 111 1/2; Ohio & Miss., 30 1/4 to 30 1/2; Mich. Central, 118 to 119 1/4; Mich. South, 86 1/4 to 86 1/2; Ill. Central, 144 to 146; Pittsburg, 88 1/4 to 88 1/2; Toledo, 103 1/4 to 103 1/2; Rock Island, 107 1/4 to 107 1/2; North West, 92 1/4 to 92 1/2; do. preferred, 92 1/4 to 93.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

was strong and active in the early part of the week, but declined at the close in sympathy with gold.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

Reg. 1861, 112 1/4 to 112 1/2; Coupon, 1861, 113 1/4 to

114; Reg. 5-20, 1862, 104 1/4 to 105; Coupon, 5-20 1862, 112 1/4 to 112 1/2; Coupon, 5-20, 1864, 110 1/4 to 110 1/2; Coupon, 5-20, 1865, 110 1/4 to 110 1/2; Coupon, 5-20, 1865, Jan. and July, 108 1/4 to 108 1/2; Coupon, 5-20, 1867, 108 1/4 to 108 1/2; Coupon, 5-20, 1868, 109 1/4 to 109 1/2; Coupon, 10-40, Reg., 103 1/4 to 103 1/2; 10-40 Coupon, 105 1/4 to 105 1/2.

THE CUSTOMS DUTIES

for the week were \$2,764,350 in gold against \$2,408,429, \$3,460,256 and \$2,921,000 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were \$4,057,449 in gold against \$6,733,633 \$4,098,501 and \$5,613,175 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were \$3,072,568 in currency against \$2,686,708 \$2,599,006, and \$3,163,024 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were \$43,620 against \$283,123, \$104,468 and \$646,890 for the preceding weeks.

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